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CONTENTS

	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	251
FIRST STEPS AT THE INDIA CONFERENCE	254
HOW IT LOOKS FROM INDIA. By H. N. Brailsford ...	255
PARLIAMENTARY NOTES. By Erimus	256
C.M.G. By MacFlecknoe	257
AN AGREED UNEMPLOYMENT POLICY.—II. By Norman Angell	258
WOMEN'S SHARE IN AGRICULTURAL RECONSTRUCTION. By Mrs. Wintringham	259
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Ricardo's Letters (J. M. Keynes); London Traffic (Christopher T. Brunner); Dominion Status (R. C. Hawkin); Foreign Loans (D. M. Mason); Are Wages Too High? (S. Parnell Kerr); The Late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu (A Close Friend of Lord Montagu's); B.B.C. Pamphlet on Africa (M. Clifton Roberts and Others); American Influence on Japan (William Plomer); Gifts for Mental Hospitals (Francis J. White)	260-262
MY FIRST COW. By Adrian Bell	263
THE COURTAULD ART INSTITUTE	264
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron	265
REFUTATION. Verse by Richard Church	266
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:— The Oracular Poets. By Edmund Blunden	267

REVIEWS:—

	PAGE
The Candour of Montagu. By G. T. Garratt ...	268
Life of Whistler. By Raymond Mortimer ...	268
Shakespeare Plain. By Bonamy Dobrée ...	269
British Diplomacy. By A. C. Bell ...	270
The Science of Politics. By R. G. Randall ...	270
The Sick Conscience. By Bernard Causton ...	271
Escape. By J. B. S. B. ...	272
James Huneker. By Mark Segal ...	272
TRAVEL NOTES. By J. B. S. B. ...	274
A LITERARY POCKET-BOOK ...	276
BRIDGE. By Caliban ...	276
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador ...	278

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Chairman: J. M. KEYNES.

Editor: HAROLD WRIGHT.

Literary Editor: EDMUND BLENDEN.

Telephone: Business Manager: Holborn 9923.

Editorial: Holborn 4424.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THERE is serious trouble threatening in two of our major industries. The four Group Railway Companies, at a conference held with the Railway Workers' representatives on November 13th, submitted drastic proposals for wage reductions and for revised conditions of employment. These proposals include reductions of 6s. weekly in the standard rate of wages, with a minimum weekly rate of 30s.; a reduction of £15 per annum (and later on of £20 per annum) in the yearly incomes of the salaried staff; and a readjustment of hours of work, overtime, &c., which will make further considerable inroads on the earnings of the rank and file. Mr. Bromley has stated that the effective reduction proposed amounts to a 25 per cent. wage cut. The proposals will be fiercely resisted, though threats of a stoppage on the railways are, to say the least, premature. The National Railway Board has worked admirably in the past, and it is to be hoped that its activities will prove equal to the present emergency. It is difficult to deny that some reduction of railway workers' wages is overdue; their present level is out of proportion to the level of wages elsewhere and to the capacity of the industry. But the very severe reductions now asked for have probably been put forward rather for purposes of bargaining than in the belief that the cut demanded will be conceded. A compromise—however grudgingly accepted by the Unions—should not be out of the question.

But if the outlook on the railways is gloomy, the outlook in the coalfields is still gloomier. Part III. of the Coal Mines Act, 1930, which shortens by half an hour the miners' working day, comes into force on December 1st. The shortening of hours will inevitably be accompanied by a demand from the owners for lower wages. A first-class crisis is thus threatened, and, as ever in the history of the coalfields, its approach finds those interested unprepared. Miners' wages are already very low, and further cuts will reduce them almost to starvation level; on the other hand, the getting of coal is at present barely an economic proposition, and in many districts it cannot pay at all at present wage rates with a shortened working day. Negotiations ought therefore to be now taking place directed to one of three ends: (1) the readjustment of wages; (2) the "spread-over" of working hours (permissible under Part III. of the Act); or (3) a postponement—which would require legislation—of Part III. of the Act. The position, however, is one of deadlock as regards all three. The owners, with characteristic obstinacy, have refused to co-operate in setting up a National Industrial Board for the mines. The "spread-over" solution (which reorganizes working hours so as to minimize costs) is rejected with comparable stupidity by the miners. And finally, Mr. Shinwell, the Minister for Mines, has repudiated any idea of postponing Part III. of the Act. Unless one party at least shows constructive statesmanship, a stoppage in some districts seems inevitable.

Lord D'Abernon, like Sir Henry Strakosch and Sir Josiah Stamp, believes that the present crisis in world trade is primarily attributable to monetary causes. In a striking address to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce at the end of last week, he said that the complete failure of politicians in this or any other country to suggest an adequate remedy for the dislocation of industry was due to false diagnosis of its causes. It had been treated solely as a trade crisis, when it should be considered rather as a crisis of currency in the first place, and a crisis of indebtedness in the second, the one complicating the other. The acute evils of the moment were not amenable to any fiscal remedy. There was no sense in scoring bull's-eyes on the wrong target. If it was found, on examination, that the present standard of gold reserves was ill-adapted to maintain gold as a stable standard of value; if it was further found that gold-hoarding and gold-sterilization in certain countries was one of the main causes of the grave crisis in which the world was involved, it should not be difficult to devise measures which would bring relief. Fearless scientific diagnosis was the first step. Lord D'Abernon speaks with great authority on these matters, and his opinion is fortified by his unique knowledge of Germany's monetary troubles. It is therefore an event of great importance when he speaks in this strain. We accept his diagnosis, and we anxiously await his prescription of measures which will bring relief.

The speeches delivered at the first plenary session of the Round-Table Conference went far beyond the formal limits of those delivered at the inaugural ceremony. Some things were said which were obviously addressed to the speaker's constituents rather than to the Conference. One could wish that Mr. Jayakar had spared the unjust jibe that "England's main interest in India is commercial," and the untrue statement that British merchants in India enjoy a monopoly based on the pigment of their skins. It was still more unfortunate that Lord Peel should stress safeguards and "gradualness," until the satisfaction of India's claim to Dominion status seemed to fade into a dim future separated almost by geological periods from the present. But, taken as a whole, the discussion gave an earnest of serious work in the Committees where the real work of the Conference will be done. One very definite impression left by the session was that the Princes have ranged themselves, to an extent hardly anticipated, alongside the representatives of British India. The speeches of the Maharajah of Bikanur and the Maharajah of Alwar were impressive in their support of India's claim to nationhood and to equal status within the British Commonwealth. Taken in conjunction with Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru's appeal to the Princes, they show a very strong desire on both sides for the immediate creation of at least the framework of a federal union.

Sir Muhammed Safi put the claims of the Moslems with moderation; but the real difficulties of the "minorities" problem will only come out when the Committees get down to the working out of practical details. The other chief crux is clearly going to be the constitution of the Central Government. The general principle of provincial autonomy seems to be widely accepted; but speaker after speaker laid stress on the importance of responsible government at the centre. It is, perhaps, significant that there was very little definite suggestion as to how far responsibility at the centre should, for the present, be carried, or as to what form it should take.

The Government is busily launching one legislative measure after another; though it is uncertain how many of them will successfully negotiate the tangled currents of the political situation. The Agricultural Land (Utilization) Bill passed its Second Reading on Tuesday by 275 votes to 169. The Bill has the enthusiastic backing of Mr. Lloyd George and of the great body of Liberal Members, and will doubtless, if the Government survives, be carried into law. Its main objectives are three: the initiation of experiments in large-scale farming, by an Agricultural Corporation financed by the State; the compulsory taking over by the State of farm land which requires re-conditioning; and the considerable extension of small holdings and allotments, again with State assistance. It is hoped that a number of the unemployed may be settled successfully upon the land, but as the initial cost to the State of each holding is estimated at about £1,000, the policy of land settlement has its limitations. The Consumers' Council Bill was circulated at the end of last week, and the Hours of Industrial Employment Bill, which implements the Washington Hours Convention, was circulated this week.

The debate on Palestine, initiated by Mr. Lloyd George on a motion for adjournment, is not likely to silence the clamour raised by the Government's unfortunate White Paper. Dr. Shiels defended the Government's policy with great courage and some success, but the dominant fact, as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out, is that the White Paper has been almost universally regarded as inconsistent with the Mandate. No whittling away of its terms by subsequent explanation can undo the harm, and we regret extremely that the Government still shrink from the bolder course of either restating their policy, or submitting the White Paper to the Mandates Commission for consideration. On the practical questions of land settlement and the control of immigration, Dr. Shiels was, to a great extent, convincing, and he blunted the edge of one of the chief criticisms of the Government by revealing that the Arabs had repeatedly refused to come into a Round-Table Conference. It may be that the differences between Jew and Arab are irreconcilable, and that the dual mandate can only be worked with fairness to both parties by a series of separate measures, inclining now to one side and now to the other; but, as Sir Herbert Samuel pointed out, there are grave dangers in "a policy of oscillation," and we trust that the Government will weigh seriously his fine appeal for "a policy of equilibrium"—of joint development.

On November 12th Lord Passfield moved in the House of Lords for a Joint Committee of both Houses to consider the reports on closer union in East Africa. He stated that the Committee would have before them, in addition to the Hilton Young and Wilson Reports, and the Government's conclusions thereon (Cmd. 3234, 3378, and 3574), written opinions from the Governors of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, from the Government of India, and from "the ruler of the most highly organized native race in East Africa." Further, they would be empowered to take evidence, oral or in writing, from anyone they desired to examine, in East Africa or elsewhere. In the course of the discussion, Lord Cranworth fulminated against the White Paper on Native Policy and proclaimed the eternal dominance of the white race, and Lord Plymouth intimated that the report of the Joint Committee would not bind the Tory Party; but Lord Lugard, with all the weight of his great authority on questions of African administration, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, strenuously

supported the motion, and it was eventually agreed to without a division.

A report of the proceedings of the Imperial Conference will be laid before Parliament at an early date, and it is practically certain that a debate will take place upon it. Even from the meagre information already issued, it is clear that the Conference has done most valuable work on the political side, especially in giving concrete expression to the resolutions of the last Conference on Dominion status and Imperial co-operation. All this goes for nothing in the minds of those to whom preferential tariffs are the be-all and end-all of the British Commonwealth; but it has not been a British habit to regard questions of status, political institutions, and foreign policy, as trivial matters. The work of the Economic Committee, including the discussion of quotas, bulk purchase, and import boards, stands adjourned to an Economic Conference, to meet at Ottawa during 1931. Meanwhile, the existing British preferences on Dominion products are to stand. What is more important, the Imperial Economic Committee is to be reconstituted in such a way that it will perform many of the functions of an Imperial Secretariat. Useful work has been done with regard to various forms of economic co-operation; much more might have been done had not the Dominion Premiers been so obsessed with tariffs as hardly to have room in their minds for anything else.

The Conservative Press has been trying hard this week to interpret the undertaking to continue "existing preferential margins," as a pledge to maintain all the existing Protective taxes. The *MORNING POST* has gone so far as to declare that the Government will have to introduce legislation to renew the Safeguarding Duties which lapse this year. The undertaking is, however, explicitly "subject to the right of the United Kingdom Parliament to fix the Budget from year to year." It means that Mr. Snowden is free to remove the McKenna Duties or any other taxes, but that if they are maintained the Dominion Preferences will also be maintained.

The Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference staggers slowly forward. M. Litvinoff, the skeleton at the feast, continues to shock the delegates by reminders that the Powers are solemnly pledged not merely to limitation but to reduction of armaments, and actually spurred them into admitting the desirability of an agreement to "limit and reduce as far as possible," global naval tonnage. After this, he had the bad taste to say that he could not state into which category the Soviet Fleet would fall, because a portion of that Fleet was still detained at Bizerta. "The President asked M. Litvinoff not to refer further to such matters." Count Bernstorff from time to time reminds the Conference that Germany is disarmed already, and the Italian delegates repeat, with monotonous insistence, that they can agree to no methods of limitation until their own ratio is fixed. Amidst all this jangling, Lord Cecil, ceaselessly toiling to find the point at which his own knowledge of what ought to be done intersects the line of possibility, has induced the Commission to accept a resolution tending towards budgetary limitation of war material, which he evidently believes will enable the Disarmament Conference to do something worth doing, if sufficient pressure can be brought to bear on Governments by the public opinion of the world.

There are difficulties in the way of the School Age Bill apart from Maintenance Grants. Mrs. Leah

Manning, the President of the National Union of Teachers, alleged in a speech in Lancashire that there was a plot to oppose the third reading because the Bill does not contain provisions for the solution of the religious difficulties. There has been a meeting at Westminster of Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops under the presidency of Cardinal Bourne. Since then there have also been meetings between the Anglican and Roman Catholic groups of the Labour Party. It is now rumoured that an agreement has been reached by these two groups on the thorny question of the appointment of teachers. The new proposal is that for areas in which there is a choice of schools the local authority should submit a panel of teachers of the suitable denomination from which selection can be made by the managers. In areas in which there is no choice of school the local authority would have the appointment of the teachers, subject to the head teacher having the necessary religious qualifications. In such an agreement the responsibility for finding a certain number of religious teachers would fall upon the local authorities.

The *TABLET*, the leading Roman Catholic paper, provides its readers with the following draft of a letter to send to their members of Parliament:—

"As an elector in your constituency, I request you to vote against the new Education (School Attendance) Bill, unless a clause is inserted in it providing that the raising of the school age shall not become operative until Parliament has sanctioned a similar emergency grant from the Treasury being paid for Catholic school buildings as is given for Council school buildings to Local Authorities by Board of Education Circular 1404."

Circular 1404 refers to the increase of Government grants from 20 per cent. to 60 per cent. over a period of three years. The circular is limited in its application to building grants for provided schools. Here the Catholic intention to obtain equal facilities for its own schools is made abundantly clear. This is a modification of the demand for recognition of permanent financial equality; but it would establish a precedent for building grants to non-provided schools.

Our Irish Correspondent writes: "The Free State Dail resumes this week, but is getting very little public attention owing to the rival attraction of the Hospitals Sweep draw, to which everyone has been looking in the hope of gaining an easy fortune. £400,000 is being divided among prize-winners, and £140,000 goes to the six hospitals participating. Great Britain, in spite of the Post Office ban, is taking more than its share of the winning tickets. After having roused the whole country to a fever heat of expectation—in the Dublin tenements people have been taking sixpenny shares—it seems rather an anti-climax for the Government to announce that it intends to discourage gambling by introducing a Betting Bill reducing the number of 'betting shops' permitted. Unemployment and tariffs—as in Britain—will occupy much attention in this short 'bread and butter' session. The Privy Council controversy remains inconclusive. One of the two Dublin newspapers announced '*Mr. McGilligan's Triumph*,' the other featured '*Mr. McGilligan's Defeat*.' This means that while the Imperial Conference has made no alteration affecting the constitutional right of any Free State citizen to appeal to the Privy Council, such a citizen may count on the active discouragement of the Free State Government. This condition of stalemate—for the moment at least—is of no practical importance."

FIRST STEPS AT THE INDIAN CONFERENCE

THE publication of the Government of India's Dispatch has finally disposed of the idea that either Lord Irwin or the British Government has any intention of giving a lead to the Conference. The initiative has been left to the Indian delegates, who are virtually being challenged to put forward their own proposals. The Dispatch itself is a studiously guarded and quite colourless document. It would seem that the Viceroy, in order to carry his Council with him, has had to expunge any definite views on any subject. It would not be unfair to quote as typical the opinion expressed about the representation of the Depressed Classes. "At this stage we only wish to make plain that in our view their adequate representation should be secured by the best means that may be found practicable." Possibly the object of the Dispatch was to complete the shelving of the Simon Report, and the opening days of the Conference have been sufficient to prove that in one most important respect both documents are out of date. They both approached the problem of a new Central Government with the assumption that an All-India Federation was an ultimate ideal which there was no immediate prospect of reaching. It was taken for granted that the Princes would oppose such a scheme, and that their opposition would be slowly overcome. The proposals for a new Central Government were therefore based on the idea of an interim Government for British India which would operate until the "distant goal" of an All-India Federation could be attained. It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that the assumed unwillingness of the Princes to co-operate was considered a convenient excuse for postponing certain changes which both the Simon Commission and the Government of India hold to be unduly dangerous.

We have never accepted the view that the Princes would necessarily prove an obstacle to Nationalist ambitions. Official opinion in India tends to exaggerate the personal antagonism between the Princes and the British India politicians, while under-estimating the keen nationalism and strong anti-British feelings of many Ruling Chiefs. The absence of the Congress Party has removed one of the obstacles which made co-operation difficult, and it is now clear that the Princes are not going to waste the dominating position which they hold at the Conference by playing a passive rôle. They fully appreciate the fact that they have an opportunity, which may never recur, of coming to an agreement with the future rulers of British India which will be thoroughly satisfactory to themselves. They have taken the first step by approving of the principle of Federation for All India, and thus removing one of the three main obstacles in the way of responsible government for India. The other two are, of course, the problem of defence, and the communal question. The possibilities of an agreement on the latter point are likely to be increased if the Conference shows signs of being a success, for Hindus and Moslems are naturally cautious about offering any concessions which may be used against them in the future, unless there is to be a genuine transfer of authority. It is quite clear that

there is a real possibility of an agreed demand from the Indian delegation, and it is necessary to consider what should be the British attitude towards it. It seems obvious that it would have to be accepted with certain safeguards, for we cannot allow this Conference to fail owing to a division of opinion along racial lines. From many points of view the Indian delegates are an extremely conservative body of men, and if we cannot come to terms with them the future is hopeless. Our first demand should be that the change to an All-India Federation should be carried through in an orderly and systematic manner. At least two or three years would be needed to bring a new constitution into working order, and during that period it is essential that the end should be clearly marked out, and that the Central Government should be recognized as a Provisional body, the main function of which is to prepare for the changed conditions. There are many things to be done during these years. The Provincial Governments have to be remodelled on the lines suggested both in the Simon Report and the Government of India Dispatch, with Cabinets responsible to the Provincial Legislatures. It would probably be best to allow some elasticity in the form of these Provincial Governments. In some there is a very strong demand for a Second Chamber, in others there are special difficulties about the transference of "law and order." If the States are prepared to come into a Federation there is little need for strict uniformity in the Provinces. Three years would not be sufficient to Indianize the Army, but, if this process is recognized as inevitable and serious efforts are made to hasten it, a considerable advance may be achieved in that period.

From the British standpoint two of the most difficult questions will be those of finance, and of the position of European interests in India. Considerable emphasis is laid upon the first point in the Government Dispatch, and it is unfortunate that any transfer of responsibility is likely to take place at a moment when the difficulties of a world depression have been intensified by a period of political unrest. There is, however, no doubt that the present delegation would do their utmost to meet English demands in the matter of guaranteeing such obligations as have been incurred by the India Government, and also safeguarding the interests of European business men. Negotiations have already been proceeding on both points, and it is probable that some form of commercial convention or treaty will have to be drawn up. It is a perfectly legitimate demand on the part of the British that those of their compatriots who have invested their energies and capital in building up businesses in India should not be expropriated. This is fully recognized by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, who is also prepared to agree to the establishment of a Reserve Bank, which shall be free from any political bias.

The attitude of the States towards immediate co-operation in an All-India Federation has completely changed the atmosphere of the Conference. We have from the first held that this was a probable development, and that the real danger lies in some sudden change in English opinion which would wreck the Conference. The absence of the Congress Party is not in itself fatal. Many of the individuals who might have represented them would have added enormously to the

difficulties of arriving at a settlement amongst the delegates, while they would certainly have upset the English. Once it is clear that the energies of the Government of India are directed to building up an All-India Federation, which is to come into being at some fixed date, there will be no difficulty in enlisting the support of the more responsible members of the Congress Party. It is probably true, as the Maharaja of Rewa said, that India is conservative at heart, and nationalism has brought together some strange bed-fellows. Serious opposition to the acceptance of any proposals put forward by the Conference is more likely to develop at home. There is a small but active group of Englishmen determined to wreck any attempts at a settlement, and their most active ally is the utter indifference of most of their countrymen to the whole question. This is why it is so important to enlist the support of men of all shades of political opinion, for this matter cuts right across ordinary Party divisions. To some extent it is a struggle between the nineteenth and twentieth-century points of view, and it will be found that a large proportion of those who support the "die-hard" view of India are ex-officials who spent most of their service in the East before the War. As no sensible person now accuses the East of being unchanging, these men are perhaps the worst of all guides.

The results of the Round-Table Conference may upset a great many of our pre-conceived ideas, but it will be a safe guiding principle to accept the findings of the Indian delegation (including those representing European interests) so long as they achieve a real measure of unity. If they disagree, then the British delegates really must give some lead, but at present it seems as if the delegates from the States and from British India are likely to evolve a scheme, and in that case our main duty is to safeguard such interests as are definitely British.

HOW IT LOOKS FROM INDIA

DELHI, NOVEMBER 2ND, 1930.

LONDON will be in full-dress, as these lines appear, for the Round-Table Conference. I find it hard to guess how my readers regard it, for through three memorable weeks I have lived amid a nearly unanimous nation, which views it with disciplined despair. Ordinance follows ordinance. One after another, the houses in which Congress has its offices are sealed and confiscated. The host who entertained you at dinner last night, is in gaol next morning. One loses count of the demonstrations broken up by the police, after a *lathi* charge on a peaceful crowd, which may end, like that in Bombay last week, in two hundred arrests, and eighty casualties, that call for the surgeon's care. Trade is at a standstill, and credit scarcely exists. Once in each week, and occasionally twice, a *hartal* is declared in these busy industrial towns. The mills close down, and in eight or nine shops in every ten, the shutters go up. Throughout India there are sixty thousand persons in prison for political offences, and Bombay has more than its share. Most of them are in Class C, on a level, as to diet and conditions, with the lowest rank of criminals. In the big towns, under the eyes of European officials, some restraints are observed. In the villages, among which I passed five days, every scruple is forgotten, and in the areas which are resisting taxation, peasants are beaten indiscriminately for no discoverable offence, unless it be the wearing of the white Gandhi cap.

In spite of all this immeasurable volume of suffering, danger and loss, the Hindu population in the Bombay

Presidency is all but solid for Congress. One needs no evidence, save that of one's eyes. For a rough guess, I should say that two men in three wear the Gandhi cap, and I have passed through big villages in which only a stray scarlet fez on a Moslem head broke the monotony of white. There was once a moderate Liberal party in this province, conspicuous for the ability of its leaders; its adherents to-day are at most a few hundreds, and even they differ from Congress rather over methods than aims. I met many of them at their chief centre, Poona; they are as critical of the repression and as hopeless about the Conference, as the partisans of Congress, and decidedly more bitter, as men will be, when the tide of the nation's life has surged past them. How far the Moslems have been swept into this mass movement it is difficult for a stranger to judge. Those who have joined it are conspicuous in the van. They are given the posts of honour and danger, and seem to court arrest. At the legal club in Bombay I asked six Moslem barristers for an estimate: most of them guessed that in this province half the Moslem population is with Congress, and one went even higher. A police-inspector put the figure at one-third. All agreed that the younger, educated generation has ceased to follow the Ali Brothers, and is weary of the religious feud. At their great University at Aligarh a debate in the Students' Union gave an overwhelming majority for Congress. What startled me even more was to learn that the convocation of the Mohammedan clergy, a body elected from the whole of India, known as the Jamait-al-ulema, passed a resolution urging non-participation in the Conference. It is a highly conservative body, which thinks of Islam first, and only afterwards of India, and yet it adopted the Congress attitude towards the Round Table.

Under coercion this nation grows daily more solid. It has ceased to discuss the doings of Congress, for Congress is doing nothing new. Everyone loathes the salt tax. Everyone condemns the drink shops, which it is picketing, for in this, at least, the two religions of India agree, that both forbid alcohol. In no country has the tax-gatherer many friends, and assuredly no Indian blames the peasants who are resisting him. The boycott of foreign goods, and especially of English cotton is as popular as it is successful. It is partly a tactic designed to bring us to terms, but it also answers to the widespread belief of Indians that the whole structure of trade which has grown up under British rule involves an immense exploitation. This economic nationalism marches in step with the ascetic idealism of Mr. Gandhi. The business world of Bombay and Ahmedabad is in the main with Congress, though it is suffering enormous losses. The wives and daughters of millionaire mill-owners will put on the orange *sari*, and take their place among the pickets who watch the shops, and hundreds of these sheltered Hindu and Parsi women have gone, gladly and yet timidly, to gaol. There is in all this some economic calculation, but even deeper than this motive rankles the wound which our social insolence inflicts on the pride of a singularly gentle and courteous race.

These activities of Congress no one discusses: they are on the national agenda. It is on our doings that attention is riveted. Each new ordinance, each *lathi* charge, each arrest of a conspicuous leader finds indignation tireless and alert. A busy industrial town will close its mills and its shops to protest against the arrest of Jawaharlal Nehru. Eight days later it will do the same thing again to express its indignation at the sentence on him of two years and five months for a seditious speech. Of course, the speech was seditious, but a hundred million Indians agree with every word.

Against this massive unanimity what can repression

avail? It can, of course, make difficulties for Congress. It was an open conspiracy, which did everything in the light of day. Truth is the cardinal virtue in Mr. Gandhi's gospel. We are now driving it to organize underground. Its activity is unabated: at the most one notices some lack of co-ordination and authority. But the local volunteers go on: if we arrest their pickets, others are always ready to take their place. A party one may coerce, but not a nation. No reasonable being would contend that a Government, when negotiations failed, could sit passive in face of open, if non-violent, revolt. But for the brutality of this repression there is no excuse. The stray acts of violence by Indians are negligible when one remembers the proportions of this movement. Even in the big towns, the *lathi* (stave) is now the invariable instrument for dispersing a crowd. Never in a long experience have I seen crowds so passive. They do not stand: they squat upon the ground, the women in one wing, the men in another, and so, motionless and silent, they listen to songs and speeches. Assuredly the speeches are seditious, but they are not incitements to disorder: indeed (for several that I have heard were in English) they invariably preach non-violence. In the interests of order there is for a punitive dispersal of such crowds no reason or excuse whatever. Indians resent physical brutality more hotly than we do. Their physique, to begin with, is slender and frail, nor have they been through the rough discipline of the old-fashioned English school. Save in some regions they may lack aggressive martial courage, but they show amazing toughness when they steel themselves deliberately to face pain. I will not argue that our conduct is shameful: I will take the lower ground that it does not work. It does not work, because Indian society is based on a caste organization which has its own means of maintaining solidarity. In a village which I visited the other day, a general vow had been taken to refuse payment of the land tax until "Gandhiji" is released. The police descended on that village (a common procedure) and beat a number of the peasants without mercy. Two of them gave way—I saw their ugly bruises and wounds—and paid up. Their caste society thereupon met and fined them Rs. 50 for their weakness, and passed a resolution that any man who flinched in future must pay Rs. 100. Such fines are enforced by the social and spiritual penalty of out-casteing. Caste is no longer as vital an institution in the towns as it is in the villages, but even when it decays—and the sooner the better—it leaves behind it a tradition of solidarity, and an amazing deference to social pressure. The *lathi* can exasperate. It can also disgrace us. It cannot smash the fine web of this Indian social organization.

Here, in India, the cables that tell of the preliminaries to the Conference seem an irrelevance. One cannot bring into a single picture this continent under coercion, and the Round Table at which men will elaborate a charter of freedom. Indians levy their bitter wit impartially at the Labour Government, which punctuates its dumb benevolence with *lathi* blows, and at the opportunists of their own race who have accepted its invitation. When a coolie in Bombay wishes to abuse another, he will say, "You'll soon be fit for the Round Table." For six, perhaps for ten, of these delegates India retains personal respect. It will not follow even these. The men who will make its verdict are in our prisons. Without the approval of Mr. Gandhi it is vain to expect that India will even discuss the constitution that emerges from the Conference, or consent to work it. He is saint and dictator at once. One finds his portrait in the huts of peasants who own nothing else, save their scanty clothes and their pots of brass. It must hang in every shop. It is sold at the fairs with the pictures

that illustrate the legend of Krishna. By putting this man in prison, we have made him omnipresent.

There is only one thing that an honest observer can say. While this repression continues, the Conference is a waste of time. It is useless now to review the past—the criminal mistake of nominating the All-English Simon Commission, the dumbness of the Home Government which has not yet indicated, even in outline, what it is prepared to concede, the folly of the terms which Mr. Gandhi and the Nehrus proposed last August. What lies behind us cannot be undone. The problem remains of convincing Indians that we are sincere; I have met no Indian, not even among the Liberals of Poona, who believed in this Government's good faith. Would you believe, respected reader, that it was knitting its brows in an effort to confer Dominion status upon you, if at the same moment its police had beaten your son and locked up your wife for hoisting the national flag in a Bombay park? Safeguards, checks, transitional arrangements—all those India will swallow, if we can convince her of our honesty. Oratory will not do it. There must be generous action. It is with an emotional people that we have to deal, keyed to a pitch of intense strain. A Government which had courage and imagination would even at this last moment take a risk to create a new atmosphere. Only one thing will avail. The doors of our prisons must be flung wide open, and not to Mr. Gandhi alone, but to the whole sixty thousand. To bargain would spoil the gesture, but I think India has the chivalry that would respond. If we could but win three months of calm, compromises that seem difficult, surrenders which tax the pride of either side, might become surprisingly easy. The margin between us is not wide, when one debates with Indians the details of a possible constitution. It is a chasm of distrust that divides us. We made it, first by our arrogant manners, and then by our *lathi* blows. We can bridge it only by a magnanimous deed.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES

SIR JOHN SIMON has continued his crusade against the Government with two speeches, one in the House on the Education Money Resolution, and the other in his constituency on the general situation. Of the first it is enough to say that it was masterly in form and roused the greatest enthusiasm on the Tory benches. But on the second it may be permissible to ask what exactly it is that Sir John hopes to achieve by his revolt. It may be presumed that since he is trying to turn the present Ministers out he does not desire them to take office again. He can hardly hope to form an administration of his own, and he cannot suppose that his present course will assist Mr. Lloyd George to form one. There remain the Tories. Does he really consider that national salvation will be achieved by substituting Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister for Mr. Graham at the Board of Trade, Lord Winterton for Mr. Benn at the India Office, and Sir Robert Horne for Mr. Snowden at the Exchequer? I do not know exactly how these names would strike Sir John, but, as the Duke of Wellington once said of his generals, "My God, they frighten me!"

Wednesday was a quite exciting Private Members' Day.

"Hore Belisha of Devonport
By the Three Towns he swore
That the poor old Pre-War Pensioners
Should suffer wrong no more.
He won a place in the ballot
And named a trysting day. . . ."

—what messengers he sent to ride east and west and south and north I know not, but certainly he summoned a most astonishing array. Mr. Macpherson and Lady Astor;

Colonel Gretton and Mr. Maxton; Sir Basil Peto and Mr. Moses; Sir Bertram Falle and Wolverhampton Brown; Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, they all marched together with impressive unanimity. Mr. Belisha led his mixed multitude with inimitable dash and vigour, and no resistance worthy of the name was opposed to his assault. Pethick had been given the part of Horatius for the occasion, but he showed no enthusiasm for the job. He looked to the right and found no Spurius Lartius—to the left, and Herminius also was absent from parade. Even the noblest Roman could hardly be expected to hold a bridge in these depressing circumstances, so he hurriedly blew up the whole contraption and retired to some deep Treasury dug-out to meditate on life.

* * *

The only note of discord (for Pethick's speech was no more than an apologetic bleat) was struck by Major-General Sir John Davidson, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O. (Hants., Fareham, U.). He spoke as President of the Navy and Army Pensioners' Association, and claimed (probably with justice) to have protected the interests of these old men for twelve years. Yet now, when their claims were embodied in a resolution of the House, he adopted an extraordinary attitude. First he sneered at the mover of the resolution on the ground that there are a large number of pre-war pensioners in his constituency—surely the best of reasons for any member to champion their demands. Then he used these remarkable words, "What I complain about—and I think it is a despicable action on anybody's part—is to come to this House and move a resolution of this sort, when they know perfectly well that it has been turned down point blank by both the parties who are likely to come into power in the future." Is every reform, then, to be despaired of when two parties have turned it down? Has Sir John Davidson forgotten how Colonel Gretton and Lord Hugh Cecil, in the matter of compensation for Irish loyalists, forced the hand of a Government nominally backed by an enormous majority? And "despicable"!—would he extend that description to all his own distinguished colleagues who supported the resolution, or to Mr. Maxton? Or does he confine it to the mover and seconder just to "larn them to be Liberals"? Such a speech should cling to its maker, like the albatross round the neck of the Ancient Mariner, throughout his career.

* * *

One would have thought it to be an impossible feat of mental gymnastics to maintain that wage reductions can be avoided by a general tariff, in view of the fact that nowhere in Europe do real wages approach our Free-Trade standard except in the countries that are nearest to Free Trade, and that it is against the low wages prevalent in highly protected countries that we are invited to protect ourselves. Yet Mr. Tout-le-Mond advanced the thesis with a bland complacency that would have driven a Quaker to profanity, and did in fact drive all Liberals into the same lobby. There is nothing that Mr. Boothby likes better than to ride his horse against an unbroken square, and he charged very gallantly into the debate. But after Mr. Hudson and Mr. P. M. Oliver had spoken there was really nothing left of the resolution. Mr. Gillett, who wound up for the Government, is surely the gentlest creature in the whole political jungle, yet he seemed to exercise over Arthur Michael Samuel the fatal fascination that a red woolly lion has for a mayoral elephant. There was much trumpeting in consequence, but only ninety-five Tories responded to the call, and they had to admit defeat by more than two to one.

* * *

The present writer has no claims to be an expert on Agriculture and leaves to others the detailed examination of the Government's Bill on the subject. But it seems to be more broadly planned and adequately considered than most of those which we have had before us in this Parliament.

* * *

Mr. Jack Jones's amusing attack on lawyers over the Workmen's Compensation Bill was somewhat wide of the mark seeing that it was a lawyer (and a Liberal lawyer at that) who first introduced into the House the amendment

which is now generally agreed to be necessary. But the same prejudice is shared by many other Labour members, and this is deeply to be regretted in dealing with a Bill which bristles with legal technicalities. In a matter of this kind it is idle to summon us to turn from those technicalities to consider "the human side." The two aspects are inextricably interwoven, and the use of an "and" instead of an "or," or the misplacement of a comma may have human results of a far-reaching and disastrous kind. The promoters would be well advised to lay aside their suspicions in the case of a man like Sir Walter Greaves-Lord who has the will to help and a greater capacity for doing so than anyone else in the House. The debate began well, but after Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister had spoken there was some growling and snapping, and if that continues in Committee the chances of the Bill reaching the Statute Book in an acceptable form (or at all) will be gravely prejudiced. The Attorney-General must bring all his tact and knowledge to elucidate and solve this most difficult problem.

* * *

Sir Archibald Sinclair has now definitely taken up the position of Liberal Chief Whip. He has every quality that the post requires, and Mr. Lloyd George and the party are heartily to be congratulated on having secured his acceptance. Sir Robert Hutchison, in retiring, takes with him the respect and affection of every member of the somewhat obstreperous family which he has governed with so much patience and good-humour.

ERIMUS.

C. M. G.

"The sensational dropping of Percy Chapman from the English side put our team in great spirits . . . we could have wished for no better tonic."

Don Bradman, in the STAR, November 8th.

WE may have lost the Ashes at the Oval and at Lords, But does it really matter, when our history records That we kept our reputation as the most quixotic pack Who ever fought a battle with one hand behind their back?

We recognized the handicaps a touring team must face :
The unfamiliar wickets, with their difference of pace,
The light, the hours, the climate, and the risk of travelling
hitches,
And the awful possibility of sudden sticky pitches.

A counterpoise was needed, and the Press-scribes saw to that
(Since the stylo in the cricket-field is mightier than the bat);
If our players could be rattled in the progress of a Test
It might even up the chances—and they did their very best.

They carped at the Selectors, at the Captain, and the Team;
They scrutinized each over for a pessimistic theme;
But the much-abused Selectors struck the most effective blow
When (like Tories in their Caucus) they decided "C. must go."

For Chapman (says Don Bradman) was a massive tower of strength,
Just the kind of bat most likely to knock Grimmett off his length;
He brought off indecent catches and, though constantly decried,
He remained (I quote D. B.) "an inspiration to his side."

Who can doubt that when we dropped him we had done
"the sporting thing"?
Gratitude from worthy foemen robs defeat of all its sting;
Does it matter if our prospects of a victory were dished
When we know we gave the "Cornstalks" just the tonic
that they wished?

MACFLECKNOE.

AN AGREED UNEMPLOYMENT POLICY

By NORMAN ANGELL.

II.

HOW MUCH AGREEMENT AS TO CAUSE?

IT was pointed out in a previous article that so long as our various proposals for dealing with unemployment pull against each other and tend to cancel out, plainly nothing will be done; further, that no thorough-going remedy, however strong the theoretical case for it, can be effective if it has to meet the hostility of the business and industrial community and to work against the grain of its habits or even prejudices; that somehow we must get a common will, similar in kind, if not similar in degree, to that which operated during the war; and, finally, that any effective and permanent remedy must reach down to those fundamental maladjustments in the economic machine which give rise to unemployment.

While reduction of costs to the level of our competitors may be necessary, it is obviously not enough: for those competitors, working with the advantage of *lower* costs than their competitors, now face unemployment as bad as ours. Certain of the maladjustments can be perpetuated on the lower, as much as on the higher level of costs; indeed, it is their tendency to absorb or dissipate the increased product of more economical production.

What, broadly, are those maladjustments—just how does the machine produce unemployment? Now, curiously enough, if we get near enough to the root of things, we can get agreement on that question. It will narrow the discussion of remedy if we are clear how far that agreement goes. An illustration, based on what is incidentally a perfectly true story, will clarify at what point of economic development unemployment in our sense arises, and why; and will also throw light on certain much canvassed cure-alls.

If you go into a certain mountain region of Vermont you may come upon the empty house and buildings of a large farm which has been simply abandoned by its owners. It could be acquired to-day at the cost of the small taxes due upon it. There are many such cases in New England and the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Yet once that abandoned soil supported in relative affluence a large family consisting of the parents, thirteen children and two "poor relations." It supported them in comfort, though the tools they used to wrest their sustenance from nature were crude and primitive to the point of barbarism, compared with the tools available for our use. Where we use steam and electricity, harvesters, tractors, separators, they used human muscle, the yoked oxen, the flail and the scythe. Yet they were all well fed, well clothed, well housed, well warmed. Want, in the physical sense, was unknown. The farm, much more remote than it is to-day, was practically self-sufficing. The family produced all their own food, including the flour for the bread which was ground in a neighbour's mill for a proportion of the grain; their soap and candles were made from the fat of the sheep that grazed on the mountain sides; from the wool their clothing; from the apples of the orchard, their "hard" cider (and harder applejack). The house was built by the family itself, as also was nearly every stick of furniture. Several generations so lived and died on that farm, and though sometimes a whole generation might pass that practically never saw coined money, there was none that was ever hungry, that was ever shelterless. They lived, as similar self-sufficient communities, not only on frontier farms, but in monastery and manor, had lived for century on century before them.

And they never knew unemployment, in the sense in

which we use that term. If there was leisure—which was seldom—they rejoiced. But never did they face that tragic yet absurd paradox which is the essence of the situation we face: suffering from lack of the fruits of the earth because those fruits are too plentiful. If there was more grain than could be used at once, it was stored; or they raised a few more hogs; if apples, made a little more cider against the time when those things might be scarce. If a neighbour had proposed to "dump" grain upon them for nothing, they would have rejoiced, with the knowledge that it would save much weary labour of man and beast in ploughing, reaping and flailing. But note that, nevertheless, *the farm is abandoned*.

The generation which grew up in the early years of this century turned westward, and went either as owners, tenants, or hands, to farms in the Dakotas, or to mines in Montana or Pennsylvania, and there used tools of a power and efficiency of which their Vermont forebears could not have dreamed; tools which had behind them the power of many oxen, which gave to the men who used them the strength of fabled giants.

With this result: the twentieth-century Dakota farmer whose power over nature had made the soil so much more fruitful, struggled perpetually with loss, ruin, and bankruptcy: the greater the power of his tools and the consequent efficiency of his labour and fruitfulness of the soil, the poorer did he seem to become. These marvels of invention and of scientific discovery neither lightened his toil, added to his security, nor lessened his anxiety. While those of the family who went as "hands" into the Idaho or Montana mines met unemployment, hardships, insecurity, which were just as evil. The latter talked of "wage slavery" and capitalist exploitation. But note that the brothers who took to farming in the Dakotas, owned the land they tilled; they were capitalists. But the mere ownership of land and capital made extremely little difference to their helplessness. In a sense they were more helpless than the "wage slaves": at the mercy of forces beyond their control.

Why were the twentieth generation with their superior tools, and greater power over the forces of nature, immensely greater productiveness, less secure of livelihood—whatever other advantages they might enjoy—than their Vermont forebears with their all but barbaric equipment?

What had happened was that producer and consumer were no longer one. The producer was no longer his own market, knowing exactly what that market required and would require. Co-ordinations of needs to be supplied and means of supplying them, of jobs needing to be done and workers to do them, which in Vermont had been completely under control, had, by the elaboration of the division of labour got beyond control. When, in Vermont, wheat or maize was planted and harvested, the family knew, since it was mainly for their own consumption, that their labour would not be wasted; that they could count upon its "sale" (to themselves) at a remunerative "price." But in the Dakotas, when ten years' savings were invested in planting some two or three thousand acres to wheat, with costly machinery to be paid for from the money proceeds, something happening in Paris or Moscow, or Buenos Aires, might render the value of the crop less than the sum spent in harvesting and planting it. (As it might equally, of course, make the farmer's fortune.) The equilibrium necessary to ensure the remunerative value of his crops was utterly beyond the twentieth-century farmer's control.

Now, I am not suggesting that we should go back to the self-sufficiency of the frontier farm. Despite its rough plenty it represented a very low standard of life (though not as low, on the one I have described, as that of, for

instance, Lincoln's boyhood). The intricate, unmanageable money-economy of 1930, with all its hazards of unemployment, has achieved liberations that are worth the cost. To solve the problems created by the use of better tools (and in those tools I include, of course, money and credit, and the division of labour), of more power over nature, by going back to poor tools and low standards, is to admit defeat, to give up the ghost, though it is precisely that remedy which is usually most popular. Much of Protectionism is an attempt to cancel natural advantage; some Trade-Union effort an attempt to cancel mechanical efficiency by compelling in one way or another the employment of more labour for a given unit of production. And these devices, like the reduction of wages, may quite well reduce unemployment. That is their danger. For they reduce unemployment at the cost of a reduction of the standard of life. If we were prepared to pay that price we could abolish unemployment with comparative ease. Forbid the importation into this country of a single pound of food, and we should have to set every available man, woman, and child, to some form of labour (as we did during the war) in order not to starve to death. If a successful blockade, or some catastrophe of nature, actually achieved this end, there is no doubt whatever (in view of the war experience) that, faced by a famine, we should find means of employing all available idle labour; and the unemployment problem would be solved. But our people would face a coolie standard of life. Which means that our problem is not to cure unemployment, but to cure unemployment without reducing, or sensibly reducing, the standard of life.

A modern motor-car is more efficient than the rude carts which preceded it; but it requires greater special mechanical knowledge to run it and keep it in running order. "The economic apparatus" of the Vermont farm of 1830 had a low standard of productivity; but it was easy to run; it was uncomplicated by the money device; the necessary adjustments by which all were kept at work were well within the control of the community concerned. It was because these adjustments—of production to consumption, and consumption to production, of time available, to jobs that needed doing; of the special capacity of this or that individual to this or that special task—were so much more controllable than with us, that, though the tools were primitive, human industry never met the paradox so familiar to us, that the more we (the community, which is now the world) produce the more risk do we run of utter poverty and ruin.

So far we have agreement. So much so indeed, that the reader will probably describe the foregoing as elementary and platitudinous. It may be; but we refuse persistently to face the all-but self-evident conclusion. If the high productivity of our community is to be as well adapted to our needs as was the low productivity of the 1830 Vermont family to theirs, then we must learn to apply to the work of our national family of 1930 the kind of control and adjustment (though necessarily so much more complicated) that the 1830 family applied to theirs: we, too, must manage somehow to adjust in far greater measure than we do, production to consumption, so organize as to make more efficiently the contacts of buyer and seller; guide more successfully than we do the man for the job and the job for the man; distribute our energies in the order of vital national need. *Laissez-faire*—again we are generally agreed—does not do it. Yet every attempt to introduce co-ordination by means of governmental machinery is bitterly resisted by the most powerful forces of the business and industrial world. The recent history of the Coal Industry is an illustration in one corner of the field.

Is there any means by which we can get, not the mere

acquiescence, but the compelling drive of business and industry behind any effective widespread plan of co-ordination, and overcome the largely just fears of "National Management"?

A suggestion to that end will be made.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN'S SHARE IN AGRICULTURAL RECONSTRUCTION

NOW that the Liberal plans for tackling unemployment, and the Government's Agricultural Land (Utilization) Bill, are both before the public, the moment would seem opportune for a clear statement of the definite share that women must inevitably have in any such schemes. Two mistakes are constantly being made by all political parties in reference to agriculture. First, it is commonly treated as if it were an exclusively masculine industry; and secondly, it is often discussed as if it were single and uniform. As a matter of fact, only two other industries—the textile and the metal—employ a larger number of women than agriculture, and no less than one-eighth of the agricultural work in England is done by the 102,206 women who, according to the 1924 returns, are employed in it. Again, the industry is so far from being single that it would be truer to say it is fifty separate industries, many of which have from time immemorial been regarded as specially women's work.

This being the case, there is no gainsaying the fact that women are profoundly affected by any proposals dealing with agriculture, and it is a matter of surprise that legislators who presumably survey the whole situation should not make it clear that they are aware of the claims of women to specific consideration in any new measures. These claims are based on both the direct and the indirect participation of women in agriculture. The success of women farming or gardening on their own account, as well as that of the thousands of women working in agriculture and horticulture for regular weekly wages, shows clearly that women merit the same opportunities as men for acquiring small holdings and for the necessary training. It is foolish for us to assume, like many critics of the Liberal proposals and the Government's Bill, that it is intended to place on the land those who are unsuitable or untrained for agriculture. Women must be selected, as men should be, on grounds of suitability, and, like men, must be given a training that will equip them with thoroughness for the work they are to do, whether it be a specialized occupation or a small holding. Many women have a natural aptitude for agricultural and horticultural work, and only need training and opportunity to become successful small holders. The Small Holdings Colony for women, started as an experiment by the Women's Farm and Garden Association in 1920, has held its own financially, in spite of the fluctuations in agricultural values. Even before the war, many women were small holders, and we are proposing nothing revolutionary when we press for the extension of small holdings for women, and for their training for farm work. We have already drawn attention to the large variety of occupations included in the term agriculture, and of these, production of home-grown food stands out as being specially women's work. In the industrial north, some of the world's best markets for food are at the very doors of these producers. It should be quite possible to train numbers of unemployed women in centres not too far from their home towns, and in due time to establish on small holdings as many of these selected and trained women as are qualified and wishful to earn their living on the land. It is often

said that the small holder can only succeed if he has special qualifications and special training. This is, of course, largely true, and in so far as it is true it is all the more reason for supplying the proper training for women as well as for men. For the training, the twenty-one existing Farm Institutes in suitable localities might well be adapted and extended to provide accommodation and training facilities, and it would obviously be more economical and rational to do this than to establish new institutions where the unemployed would be in a sense segregated, where they would less easily absorb the country atmosphere, and thereby have less chance of ultimate success.

Of even greater importance, perhaps, than the extended provision for the definitely agricultural training of women is the necessity for improving the conditions of rural and farm housekeeping, and for training women and girls who may not be direct wage earners, but who will find themselves on farms or small holdings with their menfolk. The importance of having the right sort of woman in the country home is widely realized. In one county at least when a man applies for a small holding, his wife as well as the applicant himself is interviewed by the Committee. The slightest acquaintance with country life is sufficient reminder of the intimate connection of the women of the farms, the small holdings, and the cottages, with the work of their menfolk. The country home is not simply a home as understood by townspeople. It is the centre of the farm business. Wives and daughters are not merely housekeepers, they are co-partners, though often unpaid ones, in the industry of agriculture. From the cottager's wife, who feeds the pig or the poultry, to the farmer's womenfolk, who deal with the dairy and poultry work, the rearing of young stock, and may direct farm policy in the absence of the men, women's part in farm economy is of paramount importance. In addition to such general assistance, they make their own special contribution. The conversion of part of the produce of the farm into the means of exchange often falls to their share, and their success in this direction is an asset to the industry. All the different methods of preserving food too, curing, bottling, drying, canning, pickling, offer special problems and special responsibilities. The country woman has to ensure the best utilization of home-produced food—and often has to do so under conditions which would dismay her city sisters. It is, therefore, essential that the womenfolk should have the opportunity to learn up-to-date methods of rural housekeeping, and this obviously implies the necessity of bringing up to date the houses that they are to manage. The home is their workshop, and must be equipped in a suitable and convenient manner. Very few men, and no good workman, would be content to do their job in a workshop as obsolete and ill-equipped as many a cottage and farm to-day. Water supply, sanitation, and lighting are problems of very great importance in the country, and the old and wearing drudgery that is inseparable from neglect of these problems must be brought to an end if women are to contribute their share towards the regeneration of the countryside. The prominence of "family farms" in the new proposals makes it all the more remarkable that women's claims to training in rural housekeeping and the equipment of the rural home have not been particularized and insisted on. The family farm involves the presence of women, and if they are thoroughly interested in country life, well trained, content with their work and with the conditions under which it is done, there will be all the greater prospect of success for the farm itself. Besides requiring the normal conveniences of modern homes, women also expect social and educational opportunities for their children even more than for themselves. Any new settlements on the land will have to be within reach of

schools to which the mothers can send their children with full confidence that good and suitable teaching and wise training will be given. Efforts will be made to attract men on the land by offering improved conditions, and in the same way an effort must be made to render life more possible for the country housewife by improving hers.

It is a suicidal policy to embark on any measures of agricultural reorganization without reference to the claims and necessities of those who can make or mar the whole structure of country home life.

MARGARET WINTRINGHAM.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RICARDO'S LETTERS

SIR,—The Royal Economic Society are preparing a definitive and complete edition of the works of David Ricardo, probably in seven volumes, under the editorship of Mr. Piero Sraffa. This edition will include not only all his published works and substantial extracts from his speeches in Parliament and contributions to Royal Commissions and the like, but also so much of his correspondence as can be discovered and is of general interest.

May I, on behalf of the Society, ask for the kind help of your readers in tracking down any of Ricardo's letters which have not yet been traced by the editor? We have already had the good fortune, through the good offices of Mr. Frank Ricardo, to discover the letters of Malthus to Ricardo, which give the other side of that famous correspondence, and also a small number of unpublished letters of Ricardo to various correspondents. We are all the more anxious, therefore, to obtain any further unpublished material that there may be.

Apart from his work as an economist, Ricardo was a stockjobber and loan contractor during and after the Napoleonic Wars, and a Member of Parliament from 1819 to 1823. Besides the published series of his letters, it is known that there must have existed regular correspondence with James Mill, Pascoe Grenfell, Jeremy Bentham, Edward Wakefield, Thomas Smith of Easton Grey, C. H. Hancock, Robert Torrens, Thomas Tooke, and many contemporary politicians. For any letters of Ricardo to these or others we should be most grateful. We should also be obliged for any reference to items of Ricardian interest, especially to portraits and caricatures.

Any communication should be addressed to Piero Sraffa, Esq., King's College, Cambridge.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. KEYNES.

46, Gordon Square, Bloomsbury.
November 12th, 1930.

LONDON TRAFFIC

SIR,—I should like to join issue with Mr. John Benn over several points raised in his letter published in *THE NATION* on November 8th. A great deal of the case he puts forward for the L.C.C. trams is contradictory. It is difficult to understand for instance how the statement that "from the outset of public ownership they (the L.C.C. trams) had to struggle with vast private interests, which all along handicapped their efficiency" can be reconciled with what follows, that the "petrol bus had not been invented when the vast tramway system was installed by the L.C.C."

The suggestion that the Municipal Reformers, following their return to power in 1907, placed burdens on the tramways beyond the limit which could economically be borne, in order to favour bus competition, does not accord with the facts. Tramways both in London and elsewhere were, of course, responsible for repairing the portion of the roadway lying in between their rails long before motor omnibuses offered an alternative means of transport, or the Municipal Reformers were returned in 1907.

The grievance that workmen's fares are statutory on trams but do not obtain on buses, and the suggestion that they are operated at a loss by the trams is scarcely a complete picture of the position. If they are operated at a loss it would

be interesting to know why the extent of the services provided is so much above the minimum statutory obligations. The implication that the buses are to blame for not granting workmen's fares also gives a wrong impression. In point of fact independent bus proprietors in July, 1929, applied for permission to run their spare buses at workmen's fares on Routes 29 and 73, but were refused owing to the advice given by the L.C.C. to the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee.

Comparative cheapness of operation for trams as against buses is not established by the fact that the tram carries seventy-four passengers, compared with fifty by the bus. The L.G.O.Co. have six-wheeled buses on the road carrying sixty passengers, and have tried vehicles with a seating capacity of seventy and seventy-two, but found that they, like the trams, were too cumbersome and too conducive to congestion for London traffic conditions.

The claim that congestion is worst where there are no trams, as in the Strand and in Regent Street, is ridiculous if it carries the implication that the substitution of trams for buses would afford relief. Trams are not allowed in Central London because congestion is bad without them and would be worse with them. It is foolish to say buses cause as much congestion by drawing into the kerb as trams do by loading and unloading in the middle of the road. The result of the latter can be seen and appreciated at any tram terminus, e.g., Theobalds Road.

Mr. John Benn admits that trams will inevitably become obsolete in London. The wisest course would surely be to scrap them now and cut the losses. Nearly £1,000,000 is spent annually by the L.C.C. trams on repairs and renewals, and in the past four years they have cost the ratepayers £380,000.—Yours, &c.,

CHRISTOPHER T. BRUNNER.

Bloomsbury.

November 13th, 1930.

DOMINION STATUS

SIR,—Now that the Imperial Conference is over, may I remind your readers of certain salient facts which must have dominated all the proceedings?

In 1926 a strong Conservative Ministry signed a memorandum on Inter-Imperial Relations, which has drastically altered the very groundwork of our Constitution. That memorandum was indeed a masterpiece of evasion, and Lord Hailsham frankly admitted that he did not understand it. Its main feature was that foreign policy was no longer the policy of the Empire, but each Dominion had its own policy and its own Ministry of External Affairs.

The reason for this change was that the Dominions in 1917 were dissatisfied with the British policy which "blundered into war." That blunder was described by the late Lord Loreburn in these words: "We went to war, unprepared, in a Russian quarrel because we were tied to France in the dark."

At the 1917 meeting of the Imperial Conference the Dominions found that the Czar's peace terms included the extinction of Germany and its division between Russia and France, with the Elbe as the new frontier. Russia was also to receive Constantinople, for which the Anzacs were then fighting. The Bolshevik Revolution changed all this and altered the views of Bulgaria, Turkey, and Hungary.

Such was the atmosphere when England agreed that each Dominion should sign the Peace Treaty for itself, and South Africa nearly refused.

The problem therefore remains and is—how is the Empire to avoid such blunders as that of 1914?

The outstanding feature of the Imperial Conference just ended is that no effort has been made to face this fundamental difficulty.—Yours, &c.,

R. C. HAWKIN.

2, Harcourt Buildings, Temple, E.C.

November 15th, 1930.

FOREIGN LOANS

SIR,—In your issue of to-day Mr. Geoffrey Biddulph does me the honour of describing me as a representative of City opinion on the question of Foreign Loans. He further states that my assumptions are erroneous and that

they are common to the declarations of many other representatives. The City, I believe, will get over this, although I am doubtful if Mr. Biddulph's letter will affect their representatives one way or the other. He states that "Loans do not leave a country in the shape of goods and services," but, further on, admits that "the foreign borrowers may begin to exercise the purchasing power conferred upon them by calling for our goods and services." He loosely writes about money "being sent abroad in excess of our real balance of payments." No money is sent abroad, and I doubt if credits or loans are granted unless we are in a position to grant them. If there should be a congestion at any time the position corrects itself by the non-success of the flotation of the loan which administers a check without any artificial interference being necessary.

The advantage of lending freely, as a result of being in a position to do so owing to a policy of retrenchment, is that it stimulates our trade and industry and thus widens the area of employment.

For example, the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway floated a loan for £2,000,000—the other day. Does Mr. Biddulph imagine that £2,000,000 of money was shipped to the Argentine in bank notes? I assume that the bulk of this credit will be spent in this country on, say, steel rails, locomotives, rolling stock, and equipment for that great railway, which will in due course be sent there.

Mr. Biddulph writes scornfully of the saving of a paltry £20,000,000 by conversion of the national debt. I thought £20,000,000 was a good beginning, but perhaps Mr. Biddulph can show us the way to effect something far beyond this. Why not inform us of any such proposal? It would certainly be welcome in these days of perpetual deficits.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

November 17th, 1930.

ARE WAGES TOO HIGH?

SIR,—Does Mr. Bibby "seriously contend" that "drastic wage reductions" can "conceivably be regarded to-day (or any other day) as a cure for unemployment"?

I should really like to know.

I agree that if you could limit your wage reductions to industry A, while keeping up wages in industries B, C, D, &c., you might well increase employment in industry A.

But it seems obvious that you cannot so insulate industry A. The A workers, having x £ less to spend per week on the commodities produced by B, C, D, &c., must be content to buy less of those commodities (or some of them). The prices of those commodities must, therefore (other things being equal), fall; B, C, and D workers must suffer wage reductions; with corresponding reactions right along the alphabet.

We are all now nicely "in alignment." Everybody has less to spend upon commodities. Will Mr. Bibby please inform an anxious inquirer how this helps employment?

It would appear that the same result is reached as between one country and others if we regard A, B, C, D, &c., as national groups of productive industries. Falling wages; falling demand; less employment.

My own idea is precisely the reverse of Mr. Bibby's. To increase employment (say I) you must increase wages—and I don't in the least care how you do it (you may borrow if you like). Rising wages; increasing demand; more employment.

Perhaps there is a snag here. For example, I think I hear the voice of Mr. D. M. Mason murmuring, in tones rather of sorrow than of anger, dark, unhappy things about Gold, Sound Currency, Inflation, Deflation, and the like.

My understanding of these things being imperfect, I salute Mr. Mason reverently, and pass on. In economics I am but a child. It is probable, therefore, that I have got this thing all wrong. But in that case perhaps Mr. Bibby will be good enough to put me right.—Yours, &c.,

S. PARNELL KERR.

Carrick, Ewell, Surrey.

THE LATE LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

SIR,—As the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu cannot defend himself, will you do me the courtesy to accept a note upon *THE NATION*'s review of his biography. Your critic quotes Lord Montagu's account of his experience after the sinking of the "Persia" when he saw death approaching: "I had made up my mind quite firmly as to how I would die. I was not going to be slowly drowned and battered to death by the waves as a dozen or fifteen men had died close to me in the boat. I also wanted to show the natives in the boat how a 'sahib' would die in these circumstances. I had determined, therefore, when I knew the end was certain, to let out the air of my Gieve waistcoat and to slip quietly overboard and drown." On this statement your critic makes the following comment: "The sublime insolence of this remark about natives and sahibs and death is only equalled by its sublime ignorance." Now, as to Lord Montagu's alleged ignorance, he happened to have gained considerable knowledge of India on the spot; and even if he had been hitherto ignorant of what is common knowledge—the equanimity of the Oriental in face of death—he had, in those terrible hours, seen many of them dying. As to his alleged insolence, anyone who knew him even slightly must have recognized that he was the most democratic of men, being on terms of simple familiarity with all types and classes.

There is nothing in his words to show that he wished to cast reflection on the way in which these lascars had faced death. He was merely anxious to prove to those who still survived that an English gentleman could die as decently as any of them.—Yours, &c.,

A CLOSE FRIEND OF LORD MONTAGU'S.

12th November, 1930.

B.B.C. PAMPHLET ON AFRICA

SIR,—A Joint Committee of Parliament is shortly to be appointed to examine certain proposed constitutional changes in East Africa, so that once more our country will have before it the matters that were thrashed out in the First Reform Parliament a century ago. Then, Lord Stanley's resolutions ordained that in the Dependencies inhabited by Europeans of a higher and Africans of a lower cultural level, the policy to be followed was that of equal status of all before the law, together with a high franchise qualification. Whenever this policy has been adhered to, as in Jamaica, its results have been completely satisfactory. The White Paper published last June directs that this same policy is to be carried out in East Africa. And just as in Jamaica a hundred years ago the planters tried to prevent their African slaves from being granted equal rights with themselves, so now the white settlers in Kenya are conducting an ardent propaganda to prevent the application of the traditional British policy.

For these reasons it is of supreme importance that the British electorate, on whom the responsibility lies, should have the relevant facts fairly stated to it. With that purpose in view the B.B.C. arranged for a series of lectures to be given, and published an explanatory pamphlet by Major Walter Elliot, M.P., called with unfortunate tendentiousness, "Africa, the Dark Continent." This pamphlet contains several serious mistakes of fact, its illustrations give a misleading picture of life as lived by modern Africans, and the list of authorities contains the name of one only of the many books that deal with the problems that have arisen from the presence in South and East Africa of the powerful forces of modern industry. The pamphlet as a whole is based on the false central thesis that "an African should be an African and a European a European," while in the description of Mr. Vischer's talk it is asserted that there is "a fundamental difference of mentality" between Africans and Europeans.

It is our experience that this last statement is quite untrue. All the evidence we are aware of supports the view that Africans and Europeans have the same natures and are of the same average intelligence. On reading the pamphlet, Sir James Rose Innes, once a Cabinet Minister under Rhodes, and later Chief Justice of South Africa, wrote:

"Such a picture is misleading and dangerous. If people are led to believe that all Africans are picturesque but troublesome savages, the plea for equal rights will leave them cold. And the bibliography is one-sided."

We agree that tribal institutions should be protected, so long as the tribes desire their continuance. But in the sphere of modern industry, which for many millions of Africans is as important as it is to us, these institutions neither do operate nor can be made to do so. What, above all, we would urge upon our fellow-citizens is that Major Elliot's policy of differentiation, called in South Africa "segregation," is responsible for most of the conflict of interests and unrest that has arisen wherever it has been applied. Among examples of its consequences are the facts that the African infant mortality rate in Johannesburg is over 500 per thousand, the African death rate in Nairobi is three times as high as that of Europeans, and the Government of Northern Rhodesia spends on the education of 540 European children more than twice as much as it spends on the education of 180,000 African children.

It is in such spheres that all experience has proved that the traditional British policy of equal opportunities and equal justice alone ensures good relationships.

We feel it would be a tragedy if, through ignorance, or in consequence of misrepresentation by partisan propaganda, the British electorate were led to believe that there can be any other solution of the East African problem.—Yours, &c.,

M. CLIFTON ROBERTS.

WINIFRED HOLTRY.

J. F. HORRABIN.

LUCY JOHNSTONE SCOTT.

NORMAN LEYS.

F. S. LIVIE NOBLE.

W. H. C. MALTON.

OLIVIER.

V. S. S. SASTRI.

GEORGINA MARGARET SOLOMON.

G. L. STEER.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

1, Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1.

November, 1930.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE ON JAPAN

SIR,—Mr. Stanley Unwin questions my statement that Japan buys more books from America than from any other country. As it was based on more casual evidence than statistics, I should have been wiser to emphasize rather the preponderance of American ideas, which are so rapidly making Japan, that nervous, overpopulated country, a place unfit for free spirits to live in. And it may be that while the sale of books written in American is smaller than one supposes, the influence of ideas in books translated from American into Japanese is even greater than one suspects.—

London.

WILLIAM PLOMER.

November 13th, 1930.

GIFTS FOR MENTAL HOSPITALS

SIR,—In view of the monotonous existence led by so many of the inmates of asylums, we venture to put the following plea before the generous public who so loyally support the ordinary hospitals which care for those suffering from physical illness.

One of the chief needs of the patients in Mental Hospitals is for something to do, and although there is nothing more injurious to those suffering from mental strain than constant introspection, in the case of rate-aided patients in our County Hospitals, there is very little provided by way of amusement or recreation, and much time is spent in the worst possible way, viz., in thinking about themselves.

Gifts, such as playing cards, games of all kinds, amusements, &c., will be gratefully received by the Secretary, National Society for Lunacy Law Reform, 60, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C.1, and may be sent with the full assurance that every care will be taken to see that those for whom they are intended actually get the benefit of them.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS J. WHITE, Secretary.

60, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

MY FIRST COW

I WENT to market with Mr. Colville, my neighbour and a farmer of judgment, to profit by his experience, as I then was young and had had little. I bid for a heifer due with her first calf which Mr. Colville considered a useful sort, and I too, except for a wild look in her eye which he did not seem to remark. I attributed it to the strangeness of her surroundings, and let her be knocked down to me at a reasonable figure. Next to get her home.

As we walked away from the ring a drover who had been watching the proceedings with an eye to his own profit touched his cap to me. "You bought the red heifer, sir? Good sort she is. Do you want her got home?"

I was about to give him the commission there and then, disposed to feel grateful that he had so timely offered himself, but Mr. Colville, who seemed to know the man, interposed.

"What will you take to get her to Benfield, Harry?"

"Couldn't do it under 7s. 6d., Mr. Colville," replied the man, cautiously defensive now.

"Seven and six! Why I thought you'd say about five bob," Mr. Colville cried.

The drover now put on an injured look, as of one between the upper and nether millstone of life.

"Now you know that ain't right, Mr. Colville. I shan't be there till near dark, not if I start right away. It's twelve mile to Benfield, and you know what such things as them are on a strange road about nightfall. It ain't as though there was other cattle travelling with her. A cow's a funny thing alone."

"She'll go all right," Mr. Colville laughed at his fears.

"She may or she may not, there's no telling. The market wholly upsets some of 'em, so that they're like mad things when you get 'em on the road."

"I'll give you six bob then," cut in Mr. Colville with the air of a distributor of largesse, and began to stroll on. I followed feeling that the situation had been taken out of my hands, wondering and learning. It had not occurred to me even to ask his fee of this tatterdemalion whose only worldly property seemed to be a knobby stick, let alone bargain with him about it. But as usual Mr. Colville was right. For it was his business as a farmer to know the economic value of every agricultural job, from cattle-driving to threshing a sack of corn—and this he did. The raggedness of the drover's coat had nothing to do with it. When it came to charity he was second to none, but he did not give alms in the public market.

So we walked towards the market gates, the drover casting off his injured look, and with a brusque shake of the head crying, "No, shan't do it for that, sir," with finality; Mr. Colville remarking blandly, "All right, Harry, just as you like"; but I was considerably perturbed within by the uncertain prospects of getting my beast home before dark and inclined to be resentful at all this fuss over eighteenpence. Had we to go through a similar rigmarole with other drovers? And if so, with how many before a price could be agreed on?

Mr. Colville was pointing out the merits of a lot of home-bred calves, but I fear my appreciation was lukewarm for I was casting anxious looks about me for some other man and at the heifer I had bought and was apparently leaving there, standing in a corner pen. But my fears were vain, for hardly had we gained the gates before the drover caught up with us calling out, "All right, sir, I'll get the heifer home for you."

"Very well," replied Mr. Colville, and turning on his heel at once lost his air of leisured onlooker, and bustled

back to the cattle pens giving instructions to the man as he went, I following. The man's assent was the sign for Mr. Colville to assume authority. "You stand over there," he called to me, "and stop her going that way; and you stand there, Harry." He opened the pen. "That's right, let her go gently, she'll go well so."

We escorted the drover and his charge down one of the principal streets ("We'd best give him a start with her out of the town," Mr. Colville said), the heifer trotting ahead with bulging flanks and swinging udder, swerving with lowered head and dancing hind-legs from the traffic.

"Hup! Ho!" called the drover as she paused uncertainly at a side road or inn-yard. "Goo on there! Ho! Stop her, please, will you?" A passer-by would pause and wave his stick at her, or stand and dodge before her, arms extended, and she would turn baffled and continue down the street. Into one alley-way she scuttled, there being no one to prevent her, and a dog, thinking it was he who had routed her thither, rushed barking after. Both in less than half a minute reappeared quicker than they had gone, the dog having been turned from pursuer to pursued and fleeing for his life into a toy shop.

A child in a pram shrieked piercingly as the heifer brushed it, a car swerved, but she was off again in the right direction, and nobody took especial notice of a cow trotting down the main street of Stambury except to remark, "Nice heifer that, but a bit wild." She stood threateningly for a moment before the Cinema which the commissioner prepared to defend, then at the corner the policeman at a sign from the drover turned her in the required direction. Mr. Colville and I paused there: he shouted to the drover, "All right now?" The drover, half walking, half running to keep up behind the heifer, waved his knobby stick in the air without turning round, for affirmative answer. So we stood and watched them out of sight.

Mr. Colville, being stout, was a bit out of breath.

"True as to God I thought she'd have that pram over," laughed he. "The old women looked wholly scared too."

As we walked back he said, "Don't give Harry any more than 6s. for that job. That's plenty."

I remarked that he didn't seem inclined to take it at first.

Mr. Colville laughed. "I knew he'd be after us before we got outside the gates. I've dealt with those chaps before. You see he lives next to Benfield, and it's homeward for him. I daresay he might have earned 7s. 6d. from someone to take cattle twelve miles in some other direction, but then he'd have had to get all the way home again, so he'd have been worse off in the end. They're single chaps mostly that don't like regular work that go cattle-driving. They like standing chatting in markets and picking up what they can. There's usually one to every village. The more you give old Harry the drunker he gets on Saturday night, that's all."

At about six o'clock that evening just as I had finished my tea—tea is the "evening meal" of the farmer—I heard the drover's voice again. I had been eating with my parlour window half open, becoming just a bit anxious about my heifer, as the sky was growing very dim and the stars beginning to show. I walked out to the garden gate and stood listening. I heard footsteps in the distance mingled with the soft pitter-patter of her tread. Even though I was on the look-out the creature surprised me with her sudden nearness in the gloom, a sense of power moving secretly. A thunderous ghost of a thing she seemed, halting suddenly there before me, and sniffing fearfully. Fierce irregular jets of breath like steam; I felt them hot upon me; the very voice of alarm.

"Well, here we are, sir," cried the drover from behind her.

"Was she much trouble?" I asked.

"She weren't too bad," he replied. "I wish farmers would keep their road gates shut, though." I guessed she had given him more than one chase over stubble and fallow.

"She can come into the meadow here for to-night," I said, and we drove her into the home meadow where there was a thatched shelter in which she could lie if she wished.

She stood woodenly just within the gate gazing into the dusk as though wondering to herself, "What next?" nor realizing for a minute or two that she had come to her journey's end. Indeed, what nightmare intervals these changes of ownership must be to cattle; to be driven suddenly from the familiar green-walled pleasance that was all their world, hustled into a crowded place filled with hundreds of their kind equally in a daze of blank bewilderment; to be walked round a ring walled with human faces instead of hedges, then along a road for miles and miles, till suddenly there was the soft grass beneath their feet again and four hedges marking the limits of their world, slightly different than before perhaps in shape and size, but a world the cow-mind understood. And of that wild hiatus, did ever there remain enough remembrance even to be a premonition that the present Eden might not be for ever?

"Six shillings, isn't it, that job?" I asked, wondering if the man would try to make it more. But he didn't.

"That's right, sir," he replied.

And I'll say this for Harry and his kind, when he makes a bargain he holds to it; he is so far independent and one "in the trade"—an agricultural branch-liner like the higgler. If he did not it would imply to him that he was unable to take care of himself in business dealings. If he took the dependent tone it would class him with the old and infirm, the old women to whom villagers subscribe because their sows die, and suchlike. So Harry gets drunk on Saturday night and wakes penniless but vigorous on Monday morning, and if the price you offer for his services is not adequate he will give you to understand that there is plenty of business awaiting him at the correct figure elsewhere, and so good-day to you.

Therefore it was six shillings exact he had from me that night, which he counted in the moonlight and twisted into the corner of his handkerchief and put in his pocket. I admit, however, that I offered, and he didn't refuse, a pint of beer, in which he drank my health at the garden gate. After the first gargantuan draught, which illustrated to me again a local saying that sixpence isn't the same as a pint of beer when you're needing it (twelve miles he had come), he paused and gazed at the moon with that air of deep consideration which so often characterizes the first dip in the tankard, as though it were an elixir to inspire some weighty saying.

"Yes, she's a useful heifer," he remarked; and I, too, involuntarily looked at the moon with him, as though it were Diana we were thus blasphemously appraising.

"She may be a bit wild at first, but she'll settle down in time. I won't say she's dear either. No, she's not dear—for what she is." He took another drink and brought forth a further intelligence. "I shouldn't be surprised if she don't calve soon, either, by the look of her."

"They said ten days at the market."

"Yes, so they said, but it'll be before this moon's many nights older, to my thinking. The journey, too, would upset her a bit. Once I thought I see the calf kick in her belly." He took a final drink. "Well, I hope you have good luck with her." He handed me back the mug. "And thank you, sir. Good-night."

ADRIAN BELL.

THE COURTAULD ART INSTITUTE

IN the TIMES of October 27th it was announced that England was at last to have an Institute for the study of the history of art. The newspapers do not seem to have understood the importance of the scheme, and some that have mentioned it have misinterpreted its aims. One popular critic seemed to imagine that all the magnificent generosity and enthusiasm of Mr. Courtauld, Lord Lee of Fareham, and Sir Joseph Duveen were being directed towards forming a body of art-detectives who would be able to insure rich collectors against the risk of buying forgeries. And even if the others have been able to avoid such a sordid and miserable conclusion, they have united in stating that the chief aim of the Institute would be the manufacture of experts. That sinister word, now chiefly associated in the public mind with the exhumation of corpses, has no very pleasant associations even in the field of art. But interpreting it in its best sense, as meaning a scholar of art history whose experience is so wide and memory so tenacious that he can be relied upon to make a fairly accurate guess at the age, school, and authorship of any work of art put before him—even in this honourable interpretation, the Courtauld Art Institute cannot aim solely at the production of experts. For the skilled connoisseur is, above all, the product of time. Let us suppose that a course at the Institute takes two or three years—and it can hardly take so long. Given every initial advantage of talent and opportunity, what sort of an expert would be produced? An expert as well fitted to argue with Mr. Berenson as a competent schoolboy mathematician is fitted to argue with Professor Eddington.

The chief aim of the Courtauld Institute will be both less and more ambitious. During the last ten years, alongside of a growing barbarism, there has grown up a genuine desire for those impersonal and inexhaustible pre-occupations of the mind which are the reward of civilized life. This desire has resulted in what is called popularization; and no doubt the attempt to assimilate in a few months the hard won knowledge of centuries has produced some ludicrous and pathetic examples of half-baked culture. But the popularization of a subject among people already fitted by general education to receive it can be an excellent thing, and the advantages of the Courtauld Institute will be exactly this, that popularization of art which seems to be an inevitable process, will be well and not ill carried out. For the study of art-history, though one of the most fascinating of all studies, is not one which, in England at least, can be trusted to grow up by itself. It cannot be left, like the study of poetry, to make its own public, to do its own popularization. Take, for example, the literature of art. The English publisher, though he has no knowledge of the subject and no competent "readers," feels that he ought occasionally to publish an "art-book." He chooses one almost at random—perhaps because the plates are already in existence; and he produces it in a pretentious way which immediately alarms any serious student, but enables the publisher to charge a very high price. The book sells about ninety to a hundred and forty copies; the publisher is not surprised, and during the next five years he may refuse several scholarly and readable books because he has proved "by experience" that books on art do not sell. As a result the greater number of English books on art are either pedantic and technical, or grossly popular and insignificant, and an intelligent person who can read neither German nor Italian may be excused for supposing that art-history is not worth reading. Now if we turn to Germany, where institutes such as the Courtauld Institute have long been estab-

lished we find such a masterly and difficult work as Wölfflin's "Kunstgeschichtliche Grundbegriffe" running into six editions in as many years; and Sauerlandt's "Werkformen der Kunst" being published in an initial edition of 12,000 copies. This is the kind of popularization which the Courtauld Institute will effect.

The aims of the Courtauld Institute, then, as I understand them, will be chiefly these. First, to show that the history of art is not the narrow and dusty field of specialists, but a living part of all education and intellectual life; and of all branches of history perhaps the most absorbing and humanizing. Secondly, to teach the appreciation of works of art. Jealous aesthetes like to maintain that this cannot be taught; and no doubt there are many people who would be impervious to æsthetic emotion in any circumstances. But no one can deny that many thousands of people go out of their ways to contemplate beautiful things, and not all can be doing so for snobbish or mercenary motives. Nor is it much help to say that they like them for the wrong reasons; for why, after all, do any of us like works of art? We do not know. Nobody knows. All we do know is that the artistically uneducated person contemplating a picture with mild but puzzled pleasure can have his pleasure made intense and lucid by knowledge. To know the circumstances in which a picture was painted and how it is related to other pictures by the same hand or of the same kind, is to give precisely that intellectual attention which precedes and clarifies æsthetic emotion.

Two more facts may be added, though lack of space prevents their discussion. The more you know the more you enjoy; and, the appreciation of the old masters is the key to the right appreciation of modern art.

But though the greater part of those who will use Courtauld's Institute will be seeking no more than a general understanding of art-history and a wider range of æsthetic appreciation, there will always be a few students who intend to devote their lives to the subject. They are to be envied. Up to the present, anyone in England with such inclinations has had to find his way as best he could: and it is no slur on the Art Library at South Kensington and Sir Robert Witt's astonishing collection of photographs, to say that they are tools of experience rather than of education. With these last the Courtauld Institute is to be wonderfully endowed. Not only is there to be an art library and Sir Martin Conway's skilfully classified material, but students will have the supreme advantage of living works of art to learn from. American scholars have been heard to confess that they no longer know what a picture looks like; they can only see it as a photograph. And though this disease cannot be acute in London with the National Gallery close at hand, anyone familiar with modern methods of art-research will understand the importance of Lord Lee's generous promise to present his collection to the Institute; especially as it is a collection formed with educational purposes in mind, and containing, besides much of great beauty, many problems for the scholar. With all these advantages, there is no reason why the intellectual achievements of this country in the field of art-history should be less valuable than in the fields of classical philology or mathematics.

And how, it has been asked, are these scholars to be employed? In Germany, with its numerous provincial museums and universities, each with a professor of art-research, in America, where every month a new town grows up with a large, new, empty museum in the middle of it, there is absorption for a very large number of specially trained scholars. But in England, where provincial museums are few and poor, and where the two leading universities have refused to appoint resident professors of

art-history, it may seem that posts for serious students will be few. But perhaps this will be one of those occasions when the supply effects the demand. Gradually the museums in London will come to choose their assistants for known capacity in their subject. Gradually new provincial museums will be founded and the old enlarged by the skilful administration of men trained to the work. And is it too much to hope that even the newspapers will ultimately yield to the influence of the Courtauld Institute and employ as their art-critics men of some artistic education?

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Man Who Kissed His Wife," Prince of Wales Theatre.

THIS is small beer in ancient bottles. The theme of the wife with two husbands has been handled so often—we saw an excellent example recently in the revival of Mr. Maugham's "Home and Beauty"—that it requires a fresher wit and a more polished craftsmanship than Mr. Donald Buckley is able to give it. He is clumsy, too, in moving his pieces. He takes nearly the whole of the first act to arrange his pawns and castles and rooks about his queen and two kings, then elaborates in Act II. so lavishly that he has an almost impossible task: it seems hardly to matter which husband is to be recognized, and there are a dozen dramaturgic arguments in favour of each, neither set cancelling out the other. Finally he resorts to the playwright's last hope, and digs up an unsuspected Past for husband No. 1, thus once and for all banishing our hopes of a tidy ending for this untidiest of farces. For once Miss Iris Hoey fails to make bricks without straw. Her Mrs. Liden ("or so she thinks," as the programme helpfully remarks) never quite emerges from the turbulent sea of circumlocution; it is not her fault that the part is over-weighted with words, but I have seen her do better with worse material. Of the others, both husbands seemed to me miscast, and the young people are as tiresome as those in "The Breadwinner," but unintentionally so. The one part that is at all well written is that of a half-witted maidservant, played well and traditionally by Miss Kathleen Harrison.

"Marriage à la Mode," Royalty Theatre.

"Marriage à la Mode," like "The Beaux' Stratagem," has made the journey from Hammersmith to the Royalty, where it should be at least as modish. But it is also rather moody. The manner of Sir Nigel Playfair's production reminds one of those Schüfftan shots at the Film Society last Sunday; there is a general please-remember-the-grotto atmosphere which at times one would prefer to forget. This, however, does not apply to the acting, or to Mr. Clifford Bax's discreet "alterations"—more Schüfftan here, but only in that the "line of junction" is as ingeniously concealed. Miss Angela Baddeley, in the least entertaining part in the play, and Miss Athene Seyler in the most, share with Mr. George Hayes, perfect Restoration beau, the chief honours, but are run close by the more orthodox Mr. Herbert Waring and the rapidly improving Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, whose fate it is to succeed to the usurper's wig as well as his crown. Altogether, a beta plus Playfair production, for which the shade of Dryden may be duly grateful, if a trifle bewildered.

"The Unknown Warrior," Little Theatre.

The action of "The Unknown Warrior" takes place during a short and agonizing leave from the front of a French officer. It deals with the problems of three fine French gentlefolk who welcomed the war in the belief that it would provide them with an outlet for their romantic feelings. Instead they discover that the circumstances of war have imposed upon their good nature and brought out their baseness. There are but three characters; a son, a father, and a young girl of twenty. The girl has been separated for a year from her lover. During that time she has lived under the guardianship of her father-in-law in a

country house. Starvation of natural affection has placed a strain upon everyone's loyalty. When the long-expected curtailed leave of her lover at last arrives all three characters are nerve-strung, unspontaneous, and full of suspicion. They are incapable of rescuing a moment for happiness. Considered as a record of the interplay of delicate sensibility and gross bestiality provoked in such situations between persons bound to each other by ties of intimate affection, the play is almost perfect. But it places a great strain upon the audience and the actors. Most of the situations are too ambiguous and too tragic to be sustained naturally in the plain prose of ordinary give and take dialogue. The cast, Miss Rosalinde Fuller, Mr. Maurice Browne, as the officer, and Mr. Laurence Hanray, as the father, displayed almost superhuman finesse and courage. Yet they could not relieve an almost too ghastly strain on the atmosphere. "The Unknown Warrior" is a remarkable and difficult play, well produced, well acted, and well worth reviving.

"Wooden Shoes," at the Kingsway.

"Paganini once made a fiddle out of a wooden shoe," says one of the characters in this play, and the engaging villain made a future out of painting the portrait of Gretchen. In the same spirit of the virtuoso, that accomplished actress Miss Beatrix Thomson has presented her adaptation of Ouida's forgotten romance. Supported by an adequate cast she makes a gallant effort with unrewarding material. The effect is weakened by the fact that a messenger reports the dramatic climax of the play, the arrival of the distraught heroine in worn-out wooden shoes, after the tramp from a Flanders village to discover the ailing artist engaged in lusty vice in his Paris studio. That he is a stranger no doubt explains why he should have a Maurice Chevalier accent when all the others talk good plain English. If it lasts so long this is an excellent show to take a maiden aunt to at Christmas. To see Miss Thomson display her talents, as the Parisian artist doubtless thought, is worth a little indulgence. She must have been very good in the "Constant Nymph."

The Film Society, Tivoli Theatre.

The chief film shown by the Film Society at their performance at the Tivoli Theatre last Sunday was "The Passion of Joan of Arc," a French film made in 1928 and produced by M. Carl Dreyer. It portrays the sufferings of Joan of Arc during her trial and ends with her death at the stake. Technically, it is a curious film, being made almost entirely in "close-up," a method which, though often most effective, becomes at times rather depressing, and would be impossible with the average film-star. Mlle. Falconetti, however, gives such an extremely good performance as Joan and succeeds in making her so convincing and so alive that the film becomes really moving. M. Silvain of the Comedie Française is excellent as Bishop Cauchon. "Conquest," another film shown, was made by Messrs. John Grierson and Basil Wright for the Empire Marketing Board, as a propaganda film to be shown to school-children. It relates the history and progress of Canada from the earliest days to its present position as the most important wheat-growing country of the British Empire, its chief motif being the gradual subduing of nature by the machine in all its forms. In the production a very intelligent use has been made of the Russian method of cutting and editing, although most of the material was taken from various old films, "The Covered Wagon" in particular. It contains some very fine photography, and is altogether a most interesting, even exciting, film.

Ethel Sands, Warren Gallery.

A stiff-necked generation, the contemporary painters. The great masters in the past usually managed to indulge the patron's taste in the choice of subject, and at the same time to pursue their own pleasure in colour, composition, and texture. To-day there is usually a sharp division between painters interested in art and painters who interest the public. But there is now an exhibition at the Warren Gallery which I recommend alike to the proud aesthete and the humble Philistine. Miss Ethel Sands is a born artist,

yet her work is not difficult to enjoy. I think even those who know nothing about pictures but know what they like, would like it. It is not that she makes concessions: her taste is superlative, and her technique impeccable. But she happens to paint the sort of subject that people like, pretty rooms, flowers, and windows on gardens. Admirably hung in the Warren Gallery, these pictures show that they are made to be lived with, not to be buried in museums or hoarded in safe-deposits. The artist's imagination moves in an elegant *dix-huitième* world. She presents it with a modern brush, but even when she paints a couple of dead fish on a plate, they appear as precious and delicate as old shagreen. I know how much the best judges appreciate Miss Sands's work, but I wish some reader who does not concern himself with art would as an experiment look in at the Warren Gallery, and send me his impressions. For I think no one could be blind to this vision of "*décoris frais et légers*," dappled into colour by the light. These pictures, conceived in pleasure, are a sharp comment alike on the painstaking dreariness which is too current at the London Group and on the insensitive treatment of attractive subjects which is almost universal at Burlington House.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, November 22nd.—

People's Concert, Rudolf Steiner Hall, 3.15.

Sunday, November 23rd.—

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, on "Russia: A Society in the Making," Conway Hall, 11.

Chaliapine Concert, Royal Albert Hall, 3.

"Sturm in Wasserglas," at the Arts.

Monday, November 24th.—

Covent Garden Opera Company, at Golder's Green (November 24th-December 6th).

"The Witch," at the Embassy.

Tuesday, November 25th.—

Anstey's "The Man from Blankley's," at the Fortune.

"General John Regan," by Mr. George A. Birmingham, at the Criterion.

Major Walter Elliott, on "The Empire," Morley College, 8.

Carnation Show, Horticultural Hall.

Wednesday, November 26th.—

"A Murder has been Arranged," by Mr. Emlyn Williams, at the St. James's.

B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

Sheridan's "The Critic," at the A.D.C., Cambridge.

Mr. W. W. Paine, on "Banking and Finance," King's College, 5.30.

Thursday, November 27th.—

Royal Philharmonic Society, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Mr. Arthur Gardner, on "English Mediæval Sculpture," Victoria and Albert Museum, 5.30.

Mr. P. Gilchrist Thompson, on "Co-Partnership in a Small Individual Firm," 1, Gordon Square, 5.30.

Friday, November 28th.—

Hamilton Harty Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Mr. Reginald McKenna, on "Monetary Policy," the Wireless, 9.20.

OMICRON.

REFUTATION

I CRUMBLE in my fingers
This handful of sweet mould.
How passionate its savour.
I breathe it, and inspire
The life inherent,
The violet-promise,
The prophecy of wheat.
Here is my substance,
My lasting life:
Here is my strength
To challenge Plato
Who denied his own mother
In this handful of earth.

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE ORACULAR POETS

THIS period will probably be remembered in literary history rather for its critical accomplishment than its creative; you may reply that the reviewing system under which we find ourselves working is no triumph for criticism, and you may point out that publication after publication is acclaimed with ecstatic superlatives only to disappear into the gulf within a few months. You may add that it is difficult to derive even from familiar judges of current literature the standards by which they form their various opinions, and that it is not often that we see a work surrounded, stormed, and searched by the intellectual forces of a critic. But still, when you consider the contemporary critic in those performances which have not been merely forced upon him and snatched through him by our passion to print quickly, you must admit that he is an able and devoted being. How he toils with psychologic chart and compass to command the ocean of genius expressed in prose and verse, to read the full sense and combined multitudinousness of his author!

Why does no poet sing the song of our critics? Surely the names would make great refrains in a ballad—Eliot, Richards, Rylands, Read, Lucas, Abercrombie; there are a few, only waiting with many others to be rung upon. Not long ago, on this page, I noticed that Wilson Knight was another name for the roll; and I expect I am late, as usual, in imparting a fresh secret—the arrival of William Empson with a volume called “Seven Types of Ambiguity” (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.). Canst tell why the seven types are no more than seven? Let me attempt to show at least what Mr. Empson disengages, quoting at the outset what he says at the end of his book: “I should claim, then, that for those who find this book contains novelties, it will make poetry more beautiful, without their ever having to remember the novelties, or endeavour to apply them.”

It is the mystery of poets especially to concentrate characteristics and directions. “The first type of ambiguity occurs when a word, a syntax, or a grammatical structure, while making only one statement, is effective in several ways at once.” The hearer is charmed, without being able to decide which picture of the many suggested is the chief. Mr. Empson invites us to inquire into the apparently simple lines,

“Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang,”

and

“Brightness falls from the air,”

with an eye, and ear, to the actualities involved in their metaphors. He takes as “a sort of monument to the first type of ambiguity” some beautiful and rather lonely stanzas by Sidney, which play upon the words “mountains,” “valleys,” “forests,” “music,” “morning,” “evening,” until “a whole succession of feelings about the local scenery, the whole way in which it is taken for granted, has been enlisted into sorrow and beats as a single passion of the mind.” With regard to Shakespeare’s dramatic ambiguities—ironical repetitions of word or phrase—Mr. Empson describes them as “for the pleasure rather of commentators than of first-night audiences”; and so he passes on to a “second type of ambiguity” which “occurs when two or more meanings all add to the single meaning of the author.” One of his simplest instances (there is not space to depict his elaborate analyses) is from Gray’s “Favourite Cat”:

“Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.”

“Reclined” may be participle or verb; “either participle, heraldically, as in ‘couchant,’ or verb so as to give a dumpy repose to the verb with the same subject immediately after.” The ambiguity makes Mr. Empson see “the creature in a thoughtful, complacent mood, folding her paws.”

* * *

His third ambiguity is, “Two ideas, which are connected only by being relevant in the context, can be given in one word simultaneously,” and at once he exemplifies it conspicuously with Milton’s dual dictum about Delilah in

“This specious monster, my accomplished snare.”

It is a learned ambiguity, nowadays; *species* in the sense of “beauty” is not in everyone’s range, and here one touches on the possible fate even of masterly writing. Mr. Empson proceeds to a discussion of punning, and particularly of Thomas Hood’s kind of punning. He finds it “difficult to see why a man like Hood, who wrote with energy when he was roused, should have produced so much verse of a trivial and undirected verbal ingenuity.” Agreed that Hood’s sort of pun is frequently a nonsensical trick; but the trouble is that even the art of writing must sometimes yield to the household accounts and the exhaustion of literary energy. “Two faces under a Hood” is the old explanation—and when a man is a slave of the pen to the extent that Hood was, we may let him off lightly for not being always “with Shakespeare.” Meanwhile, Mr. Empson is revealing, greatly to our advantage, the work that George Herbert sets going in the seemingly plain stanza of his “Pilgrimage” beginning, “That led me to the wild of Passion.”

* * *

And then to the fourth type: “when two or more meanings of a statement do not agree among themselves, but combine to make clear a more complicated state of mind in the author.” This presently leads to a “few words” between Mr. Empson and the late William Wordsworth on the subject of a passage, known to everyone, on the “something far more deeply interfused.” Than what? asks our author; and he asks many other questions, and declares that “there is something rather shuffling about this attempt to be uplifting yet undenominational. . . . I must protest again that I enjoy the lines very much.” Here he rather reminds me of the “Advice to a Young Reviewer.” The next type “occurs when the author is discovering his idea in the act of writing, or not holding it all in his mind at once.” And here Mr. Empson calls Master Shelley out, and investigates the stanza, “The world’s great age begins anew,” finding it a set of meanings “hurried on top of each other”; “it seems rather a creditable thing to have happened to Shelley.”

* * *

Mr. Empson has still two definitions to make and consider; the sixth type, “when a statement says nothing, by tautology, by contradiction, or by irrelevant statements”; the seventh, “the most ambiguous that can be conceived occurs when the two meanings of the word, the two values of the ambiguity, are the two opposite meanings defined by the context.” Now these will take me some time to delve into; Mr. Empson is nothing if not mathematical, and I am one of that sad denomination that Euclid himself failed to equip for critical modernity; and, as I said above, I cannot even produce a ballad myself to the glory of our present critics; but if I could, I should unambiguously include the name of Empson.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

REVIEWS

THE CANDOUR OF MONTAGU

An Indian Diary. By EDWIN S. MONTAGU. Edited by VENELIA MONTAGU. (Heinemann, 21s.)

It would be a thousand pities if Mr. Montagu's account of his Indian tour should be read mainly for its indiscretions. Certain passages should have been omitted because they were clearly meant to be confidential opinions on men still in Government service. These are only a few paragraphs in a book of nearly four hundred pages, and their absence would not have in any way detracted from the great value of the diary as a picture of high Indian officialdom seen by a very acute observer, the keen edge of whose perceptions had not been blunted by a long time spent under the artificial conditions of the East. The references to provincial Governors, to which such objection has been taken, are of the kind which would arouse no comment if applied to men in a public position in England.

It is clear that what astounded Mr. Montagu most was the complete lack of sincerity and cordiality in the social relations between the English in high places and the Indians whom they had to meet and work with as equals. Unfortunately the term "social relations" is used in two rather different senses. The colourless sections on this subject in the Montagu-Chelmsford and the Simon Reports obviously refer to the casual relations between Europeans and Indians, to meetings in the street and railway trains, to the behaviour of employer to employed, and the conduct of British troops in *bazars* and villages. In this sense "social relations" have certainly improved recently, but the Diary suggests considerable doubt whether there has been any improvement since the Mutiny in the manners of Englishmen towards those Indians whom they are supposed to treat as social equals.

Montagu saw from the first that the political future of India depended on this second kind of social relationship. "Again I say that the social question, the fact that Civil Servants are willing to work with Indians but not to play with them, the fact that the Boxwallah will have nothing to do with them, has really brought the present political situation upon us." He saw that without cordial friendship between the two races all constitution-making was like building without mortar, and he very rightly blames the Government of India for the badness of its manners. There is a wonderful account of a day spent in receiving deputations, which brings back the stilted ridiculous atmosphere to anyone who has served out there. "The leader of the deputation comes forward, shakes us two by the hand, and walks backwards to a place about halfway between his deputation and ourselves. He then proceeds to read a long address, a copy of which we each already have got, with notes on it by the Government of India. When he has read it, he bows; Lord Chelmsford says, in the coldest and most frigid of voices, 'I thank you on behalf of Mr. Montagu and myself, and I can assure you that your views will receive our consideration. Now will you kindly present the members of your deputation?' The formula never varies, the voice never modifies. . . . Was there ever such a hopeless situation? Were ever things done more badly? . . . I am solemnly assured by all concerned that this is all they want, and that this completely satisfies them." Towards the end of his trip Mr. Montagu suddenly realizes that "in no house in Delhi have I yet met at any meal a member of the Legislative Council. In the party for the investiture which Lord Chelmsford gave at the beginning of the session they were not included. They have not been to Government House. This dinner, to which they are all asked in a block to meet nobody but themselves and the Executive Council, is the only substitute, and then the seats are arranged—would the gods believe it?—in order of precedence, so that Chelmsford sat between Lady Claude Hill and Sir Sankaran Nair, and I sat between Lady Chelmsford and Sir George Lowndes. It really is the stupidest thing imaginable . . . and political India will never work if it remains." The same aloofness characterizes every little action, and even the crowds coming to see the train in which the deputation travelled, had to be kept at least two fields away. To the experienced politician,

used to the control of mass feeling, the whole tour was a succession of missed opportunities. "If only Lloyd George was in charge of this thing. He would, of course, dash down to the Congress and make them a great oration. I am prevented from doing this. It might save the whole situation."

The Provincial Governments proved to be as stiff and pompous as the Government of India, and Mr. Montagu's bitterest opponents must sympathize with him when they read his account of a tea-party in Madras. Bombay, under Lord Willingdon's unconventional rule was an oasis in a desert of "starchy" and therefore bad manners, but even Lord Willingdon did not succeed in making either the Yacht Club or the Byculla Club admit Indians, and it must be confessed that after his departure the Government rapidly became as formal and aloof as any other. There is no doubt that when the Englishman is prepared to allow his sense of humour a little play, and treats as friends those Indians whom he meets socially, the relationship between them becomes sane and wholesome. Possibly laughter will be the ultimate solvent of the Indian problem, and Mr. Montagu tells a delightful story about the author of "Dyarchy," which suggests a very subtle sense of humour on one side of the barrier. "Curtis had developed a desire to become a Hindu; he had summoned some men from the Central Provinces and told them this; they said: 'No man not born a Hindu can become a Hindu.' He said, quite characteristically: 'Oh, nonsense; any man can change his religion.' So they promised eventually to consult the Pandits at Benares, and the reply came back: 'Mr. Curtis must feed a thousand Brahmans every day for a year. At the end of the year he must commit suicide, and then possibly in his next incarnation he may become a sweeper.'"

G. T. GARRATT.

LIFE OF WHISTLER

Whistler. By JAMES LAVER. (Faber & Faber, 15s.)

"WHISTLER was born at Baltimore (as he informed his first biographer, Theodore Duret), at St. Petersburg (so he told the judge in the Ruskin trial), and at Lowell, Massachusetts (as the careful study of the records has at last established), on July 10th, 1834." With this sentence Mr. Laver begins his book, and I quote it not merely as a sample of the author's elegant manner, but for the information it contains. For most men to have been born in Massachusetts in 1834 would have been a misfortune. It was, I suggest, the making of Whistler. He was not a great painter, and even his taste was of a rather negative order. But the time of his birth made his taste appear as a revelation, and the place gave him a cosmopolitan detachment. Born in England at the same time, he would probably be remembered merely as one more extinguished light of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement; born in France, he might be forgotten as one of the feeble Impressionists. Born forty or fifty years later, he might never have been heard of at all: good taste has become so infernally common. But his violence and gifts would probably have emerged somehow. It is more likely that he would be a fashionable portrait painter, a sort of American cross between Marie Laurencin and MacEvoy.

In fact he managed his life as cleverly as he arranged his birth. He studied for a few years in Paris. And then, with a stroke of genius, came to London. "Perhaps," Mr. Laver suggests, "England afforded a better market." Leaving Paris was the ruin of Sargent, but I doubt if Whistler would ever have come to much good in France. He had one month's glory there, at the Salon des Refusés in 1863, when his "White Girl" shared a triumph with Manet's "Déjeuner sur L'Herbe." But he had little sympathy with the Impressionists (except perhaps Monet and Degas), and, compared with Manet, Renoir, and Cézanne, he can hardly be called a painter at all. (Compare his *Symphonies in White* with Manet's "Olympia"). On the other hand, his admiration for Courbet and his friendship with Fantin-Latour prevented him becoming a mere pre-Raphaelite. In France he would have come to seem eccentric and old-fashioned, at best a rival to Puvis de Chavannes. In England he seemed unique, and dangerously modern. And Whistler cared more for his position than for his painting.

Courbet and Rossetti and Fantin may have had a momentary effect upon his art, but the only permanent influence was Japanese. And it was his connection with Paris which introduced him to Hiroshige and Hokusai. He took very little interest in any painting save his own, and never hung in his house work by anyone else. But if consciously his admiration for himself was unbounded, subconsciously he was remarkably well aware of his limitations. Audacious as his Nocturnes and Harmonies appeared at the time, they were really admissions of his inability to manage anything less simple or more solid. But they exploited every ounce of Whistler's sensibility. To them he owes his present position, a little higher than Fantin, Puvion, and Conder, but a minor star in the blazing firmament of nineteenth-century painting. In his etchings he takes a higher place, relatively, I mean, not to his own paintings or to other artists, but to other etchers. For etchings are only incidentally and occasionally a branch of art—their importance usually is more like that of postage-stamps. And though some of Whistler's etchings are charming, I almost regret that he ever made them. For their success was largely responsible for that revived interest in etching which is to-day one of the most widely spread and degraded activities in the world of collectors and museum officials.

But why, it may be asked, does Mr. Laver devote a well written and well produced book of over three hundred pages to Whistler, if his art is really such a slight affair? Mr. Laver's estimate of Whistler is not, I think, very much higher than what I have suggested, but his book was thoroughly well worth writing. For Whistler was a very interesting and very influential person. "What was most original in Whistler's art," Mr. Roger Fry says, "was in part due to his power, not as a creator, but as a connoisseur." I would go further and suggest that he was less important as a painter than as a critic in the widest sense of that word. More than anyone else in England he originated the doctrine that information about facts and immediate moral teaching were not a part of the business of art. In his cult of simplicity in furnishing, and even more in his expression of the æsthetic attitude to life, he was one of the great destroyers of Victorianism. Perhaps the greatest importance of Whistler is that he influenced Wilde, and, through Wilde, the world.

With his lawsuits, his dandified ways, his wit and his violence, Whistler makes rich material for the biographer, and Mr. Laver's book bristles with amusing information. We see Whistler going to Valparaiso to be bombarded, challenging George Moore to a duel, pushing his brother-in-law, Seymour Haden, through a plate-glass window, never working on Sundays because of a promise to his mother, referring to himself in conversation always in the third person, ruining Mr. Leyland's beautiful Spanish leather by painting horrible gold peacocks all over it. "You behave as if you had no talent," was Degas's devastating remark to him. The truth is that his great talent was for behaviour.

I notice only one serious misstatement in the book, and that may be a misprint. Surely Mr. Laver knows that Rimbaud was twenty, not thirty, when he gave up literature? But if it is not ungrateful to complain, I should have welcomed more information about Greaves, about Whistler's children, and the subsequent fate of the Peacock Room. (Am I right in supposing that Mrs. Leyland recouped herself for Whistler's behaviour by selling the decorations to America for an enormous price?)

Here are three quotations to finish this review:—

"The new French School is simple putrescence and decomposition. There is a man named Manet whose pictures are for the most part mere scrawls."

(Rossetti on the Impressionists.)

"I never saw anything so impudent on the walls of any exhibition in any country . . . absolute rubbish and which had taken about a quarter of an hour to scrawl or daub—it had no pretence to be called painting."

(Ruskin on Whistler.)

"If a child of ten had drawn that on her slate, her mother, if she had been a good mother, ought to have slapped her."

(Whistler on Cézanne.)

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

SHAKESPEARE PLAIN

William Shakespeare. By E. K. CHAMBERS. Two vols. (The Clarendon Press. 42s.)

In the last century, Sir Edmund Chambers set out, he tells us, to write of Shakespeare; but there were a couple of trifling *hors d'œuvres* to prepare before he could place the main dish before us, and we have so far had to content ourselves with "The Mediæval Stage" in two volumes, and "The Elizabethan Stage" in four; they have kept us busily chewing. We have often asked ourselves what we were to expect as the *pièce de résistance*. Was it to be some entirely new shape, some surprising example of culinary architecture by a Wren of pastrycooks, yawning with strange caverns, and surmounted by dazzling pinnacles? But no; we have good, plain, homely fare, a fine and solid Derby round, honestly served with no tomfoolery about it, though horseradish sauce is not lacking. "I am not so much perturbed," Sir Edmund states blandly, "as some of my critics think I ought to be, by finding that my conclusions do not differ essentially from those which have long formed part of the critical tradition. . . . I do not think that revolutionary results really emerge from the closer examination of contemporary plays, or of theatrical conditions, or of the psychology of misprints."

This conservatism is, perhaps, timely. We were in danger of being left with only a slim volume of Shakespeare, the coy remnant which Mr. J. M. Robertson would leave us, itself renewed by Professor Dover Wilson, and possibly reduced by other writers to being a series of political tracts. Sir Edmund has examined all these allurements with a cold eye, has trodden, so to speak, the shell-pocked ground, and has come out with a scarcely diminished bundle. He is wary of admitting internal evidence, and will hold fast only by that which is definitely proved from outside. Such conservatism has great advantages; we are left, to coin a phrase, with an "unincreasable maximum" to work with. On the other hand, to be conservative also means to cling to the particular prejudices, as ephemeral as all prejudices, of one's own generation. Sir Edmund perseveres in the Dowden framework of "out of the depths," "on the heights," and so on, which is a little hard for us to stomach because we apply a different psychology, and read the plays in another temper. We do not think, for instance, that Shakespeare "went under in the unfinished 'Timon of Athens,'" for we do not conceive it as unfinished, or as anything but very fine; we have not the "difficulties" earlier commentators felt in accepting "Troilus and Cressida" and "Measure for Measure" as draughts of the true Hippocrene. Interpretations change. We are told that Shakespeare's outlook during the period of the great tragedies was not Christian; but this year Mr. Wilson Knight has published an essay with most convincing parallels drawn between "Measure for Measure" and the Gospels; and that play was written after "Hamlet" and "Troilus," in the same year as "Othello," and before "Lear" and "Macbeth."

But, of course, the great value of this book, which is a monument of the most lasting stone, lies not in the opinions it expresses—for opinions fluctuate, and every man is to some extent the slave of his time—but in its facts. Everything that can be known or solidly inferred about Shakespeare is recorded: we are given photographs of the important documents. It is an enduring foundation for all Shakespearean comment and criticism; but it does not in any way hinder the exciting studies of Robertsons and Dover Wilsons from going on, studies we should be much the poorer without. Perhaps it would be as well to state briefly what the contents of the volumes are.

The first contains "Shakespeare's Origin," "The Stage in 1592," and "Shakespeare and his Company," which compose Shakespeare's biography, defeated of all idle conjecture. We then pass on to the problems of the plays: "The Book of the Play" (prompter's copy, and so on), "The Quartos and the First Folio," "Plays in the Printing House" (setting up, revision, &c.), "The Problem of Authenticity." These chapters cover the ground of every variety of historical and textual criticism, in which an enormous mass of erudition is digested, such as what happened to plays in the

playhouse, how they were dealt with in the Press, and so on. We are then carried on to a detailed discussion of each play, the instruments explained in the previous chapters being deftly handled. The second volume is devoted mainly to records, such as certificates of births, marriages, and deaths; of legal contracts, and so forth. These are followed by a chapter on "Contemporary Allusions," and this again by "The Shakespeare Mythos." We are then given a record of performances, a chapter on the name Shakespeare, and a long note on "Shakespearian Fabrications," to conclude with a set of "Metrical Tables," which, seeing what English prosody is, will provide anyone interested in this question with weeks of entertainment in disagreement, as Sir Edmund fully realizes. But however much anyone may quarrel with the book, it will undoubtedly be the indispensable guide for all students and critics of Shakespeare.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

BRITISH DIPLOMACY

Studies in British Diplomatic History. By SIR JAMES HEADLAM-MORLEY. Edited by KENNETH and AGNES HEADLAM-MORLEY. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

THOSE who had the privilege of knowing Sir James Headlam-Morley will read this book with a keen sense of personal loss. They will find in it those qualities of mind and judgment which illuminated his conversation; but the voice which spoke so courteously to those who asked for his advice or sought his company is silent for ever.

Sir James Headlam-Morley was familiar with every period of British diplomatic history, but nineteenth-century diplomacy was his chosen subject. He concentrated upon it because the records of the period are voluminous, and allow of that minute investigation which he always undertook before passing judgment. It was, moreover, this period of diplomatic history which appeared to him to have exerted a decisive influence upon European history; for he was convinced, that British foreign policy during the Victorian era had given so strong an impulse to British policy in general, that it would be impossible for modern statesmen to ignore what had been cardinal points of British diplomacy during the last century.

Sir James recognizes that the procedure of diplomatic controversy has been altered by the foundation of the League of Nations; but to him the new procedure is not of outstanding importance. "If we follow out any of the subjects dealt with in this volume," he writes, "or indeed any other aspect of foreign policy, the cardinal question which the responsible statesmen had always to ask themselves was this: If we defend our interests and press our claims, can we do so without incurring the danger of war?" The League of Nations allows modern statesmen to press these claims and interests with less danger of war and with better hope of obtaining a recognition of their justice; it cannot, by its mere existence, make statesmen less anxious for their country's security, or alter the configurations of those coasts, mountains, and rivers, or the distribution of those States and nations, which exert a controlling influence upon national security.

The book is composed of essays on a variety of subjects: in the chapters on the Dardanelles, the treaty of guarantee to Greece, and the acquisition of Cyprus, Sir James investigates incidents in that long antagonism between Great Britain and Russia which affected so much of the diplomatic history of Europe during the nineteenth century. The chapter on Egypt is a historical introduction to the recognition of Egyptian independence; the chapters on Treaties of Guarantee and Arbitration are reviews of specific diplomatic problems.

In the purely historical essays Sir James is very sparing of prophecy, and it is only in his essay upon arbitration that he writes freely upon what he regards as the weakness of a procedure, which has now the sanction of a number of international treaties. In it, he asks whether we, or, indeed, the statesmen who have pledged their countries to submit to arbitration, have formed any just estimate of the manner and circumstances in which arbitration

has been applied to international controversies in the past; that is whether the successes of the arbitrational method of settling disputes are sufficiently comprehensive to constitute a guarantee that the same method will be an effective solvent to great national quarrels. Sir James sums up his investigations with a very sceptical judgment. Arbitration has always been an auxiliary to ordinary diplomacy; it has been used successfully when statesmen have agreed what matters shall be submitted to arbitration, and this agreement has always been the outcome of long diplomatic discussion. It is difficult to believe that arbitration can be applied as automatically as a large number of modern international agreements suggest, without inflaming those very ambitions and passions which have been the motive forces of the original controversy. To take a concrete example: it is quite possible that an arbitrational court could have decided in what degree the Serbian Government were responsible for the Serajevo murder, but no court could conceivably have given an acceptable judgment upon Serbian aspirations to a union with Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Croatia, and it was these aspirations which made a rupture inevitable.

Like all books compiled from great knowledge Sir James Headlam-Morley's volume of essays is difficult to review; for a conscientious reviewer feels the inadequacy of any summary that he is able to make. The fairest judgment that can be passed upon it is possibly this: There are, to-day, a large number of persons who regard historical study as a sort of incitement to fresh national prejudices and hatreds, and who ask why it should be necessary to revive the memory of old quarrels by minutely investigating their sources and origins. Is it not better, they say, to forget that the Palatinate was wasted than to learn why the French generals urged it, and why Louis consented? Persons holding these opinions will probably profit more than any other class of student by reading this collection of essays with an open mind.

A. C. BELL.

THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS

A Study of the Principles of Politics. By GEORGE E. G. CATLIN. (Allen & Unwin. 18s.)

It is difficult in a short notice to do justice to a book which arouses prejudices on account of its merits. Professor Catlin has made a courageous approach to the principles of politics. His aim is to suggest the outline of a science of politics which shall have as its hypothesis an assumption of modern psychological and economic knowledge.

The smooth path to an appreciation of Professor Catlin's method is barred by his approach to "motive" in politics. He is insistent that we must "attempt to get away from vague and grandiose world views of social welfare and human liberty." He implies a distrust of moral motive and pre-twentieth-century political philosophy distasteful to all who have not accepted psychological knowledge as a part of their culture. This viewpoint is essential to Professor Catlin, for without it he believes that no useful laws relating to political behaviour can be framed. The older philosophers, lumped together, he criticizes because they started from too many varied premises and worked towards the establishment of the rectitude of too many widely differing moral codes. Professor Catlin's thesis is that a real science of politics can only be constructed upon some simple and generally accepted premise.

The first step towards the development of a science of politics is, then, the selection of a suitable and agreeable premise. Professor Catlin seeks not for diversity in human conduct, but for uniformity. Here he finds himself on ground where it will be easy for those who oppose his daring to misrepresent his caution. He argues that what is technically debatable in psychology may with caution be regarded as a useful hypothesis in political science, and he, therefore, neither assumes nor rejects consciousness.

He builds up his political science upon the hypothesis that the need for political action occurs when the will of one person comes into conflict with the will of others, or when the vested interest (the summarized wills) of one set

of persons is opposed to the vested interest of another set. For the purpose of political science there is no need to enter into a technical controversy as to what "will" is or whether there is such a form of behaviour as conscious willing. The ethics and the precise psychology of this unit of behaviour are beside the point. What is to the point is very simple. In political science so far as the accomplishment of any particular wish is assured, it is assured only when the wills of others whom it affects are not opposed to the carrying out of the wish or are open to persuasion or domination by the person who wishes. Thus those who fail to change environment by accomplishing their wishes fail because they are incompetent to manage others in such a way that their wishes can be carried out. The author appears to derive the psychological assumptions latent in this theory chiefly from common sense.

Upon this simple premise, with analogies drawn from economics, Professor Catlin proceeds to an analysis of political society and action. An individual will support law and order or the Government when it is his interest to do so or when he is so conditioned as to believe that it is his interest to do so. The study of politics cannot take morals into account—lying in politics Professor Catlin bluntly says is a method, a method of persuasion. It is no matter whether a person is a pawn of others who persuade him to accept a false notion of his interests. The chief business of government is to preserve an equilibrium in which private activity can be carried on continuously, in which a changing demand for a security of interests is supplied without the price causing unrest great enough to produce destructive resentment. Thus it seems to follow that whether a Government is good or whether it is bad can only be estimated in terms of "unmanipulated personal support."

Professor Catlin accepts a form of political pluralism. He demonstrates that the State is made up of various groups who combine together in order to preserve a society in which they believe that their interests are secure. These groups may be bound together by backgrounds of common culture, common ignorance, or common interest in the future. One person's allegiance may be divided among a number of groups. Apparently the task of political science is to seize upon this outline and to work out in detail an accurate method of calculation of personal support.

It is not to be supposed that a materialist theory of politics which can so easily be dubbed cynical will be generally welcomed. But Professor Catlin has performed a valuable service. He has taken much from Mr. Graham Wallas, and much from Karl Marx. He has co-ordinated with these the political technique of Lord Northcliffe, and Mr. Walter Lippmann's analysis of public opinion. He has made a formidable approach towards a science for manipulating public opinion, a science which may in time bring the rough calculations of Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Northcliffe into the ambit of respectable knowledge.

R. G. RANDALL.

THE SICK CONSCIENCE

Civilization and its Discontents. By SIGMUND FREUD. Authorized Translation by JOAN RIVIERE. (Hogarth Press, and the Institute of Psychoanalysis. 8s. 6d.)

"The command to love our neighbours as ourselves is the strongest defence there is against human aggressiveness, and it is a superlative example of the unpsychological attitude of the cultural super-ego. The command is impossible to fulfil; such an enormous inflation of love can only lower its value and not remedy the evil. Civilization pays no heed to all this; it merely prates that the harder it is the more laudable the obedience. The fact remains that anyone who follows such teaching in the present state of civilization only puts himself at a disadvantage beside those who set it at naught. What an overwhelming obstacle to civilization aggression must be if the defence against it can cause as much misery as aggression itself! Natural ethics, as it is called, has nothing to offer here beyond the narcissistic satisfaction of thinking oneself better than others. . . ."

It is possible—is it not?—to detect a note of masochism, of suffering feared and sought, underlying Dr. Freud's presentation of the dilemma in which the possession of a conscience (or, in more precise psychological language, super-ego)

places us. This masochism, as he shows, is aggravated by the very intensity of our aggressive feelings, thwarted from reasons of conscience; for our innate disposition to aggression implies an instinctual death-wish—towards others—unless it is inhibited, and so turned against ourselves, the instinct avenging its privation upon the abstainer in a heightened sense of guilt.

Freud is probably wise to take quite literally the strictest injunctions of doctrinaire Christianity against aggression and show the maladjustments caused by their observance. Of course, many have evaded the conflict by evolving a compromise between these extremes, dissimulating self-assertion by an assumption of abnegation, with an eye to social approval. The fact that we owe this whole technique of modern manners to feminine tutelage might indeed be urged in mitigation of the shortcomings, which Freud instances, of the feminine rôle in the patriarchal system; women inspiring the establishment of the family group by the appeal of their love, yet becoming at that early stage a reactionary force by reason of their purely domestic status, inimical and jealous of external civilization.

In reading this pointed and illuminating popular exposition, so admirably restricted to its own scope, we are very far away, however, from the atmosphere of those "provocative" but abortive newspaper controversies which demonstrate the limitations of chopped logic for settling human affairs. Usually on these occasions it is concluded, after each sex has finished telling-off the other, that "if only men would be a little less male, sadistic, proprietorial (all, apparently, synonyms!) and women a little less passive, negative, masochist (again supposed to be synonymous), mutualism would be achieved by a harmony of similarities rather than a discord of contrasts." But how and why, we are left wondering.

The mark of quack panaceas is their haste to be "constructive rather than destructive." To say—it is the stock criticism by purveyors of "uplift"—that Freud's deductions are based on "abnormal" cases is rather to ignore the fact that pain may be nature's distress signal in an organism sufficiently vital to make that protest, whereas the extolling of hypothetical health in the abstract leads nowhere. The superstition that pain is retribution for sin is older than Christianity and dies hard. But without the inducement of some shame there would be no lever of inhibitions upon conduct at all.

Freud traces the growth of conscience from the irresponsible child-state where the sense of guilt is purely one-sided—the fear of consequence in losing the parents' love—and, for that matter, the dread of public opinion that seems solely to condition the conduct of many nominally adult citizens clearly shows no real maturity of character. But to act not only as defendant, but also as prosecutor and judge of one's own actions is to incur the liability to internal conflicts, and indeed the concept of growth to full responsibility for the burden of civilization is an essential factor in all Freudian analysis.

The combative strain is unmistakable in Freud's own character, and the element of sacrifice which the renunciation of such gratification calls for is implicit to a certain extent in his own methods of practice, since the very recourse to psycho-analysis shows that the patient admits personal responsibility rather than the general wickedness of the rest of the world to be the starting point in diagnosis. But Freud is clearly insistent that for future generations, not yet marred by this inculcation of aggravated renunciation, such emotional conflicts are too high a price to pay:—

"That the upbringing of young people at the present day conceals from them the part sexuality will play in their lives is not the only reproach we are obliged to bring against it. It offends, too, in not preparing them for the aggressions of which they are destined to become the objects. . . . One can clearly see that ethical standards are being misused in a way. The strictness of these standards would not do so much harm if education were to say: 'This is how men ought to be in order to be happy and make others happy, but you have to reckon with their not being so.' Instead of this the young are made to believe that everyone else conforms to the standard of ethics, i.e., that everyone else is good. And then on this is based the demand that the young shall be so too."

BERNARD CAUSTON.

ESCAPE

Recollections of a Prisoner of War. By LORD PHILLIMORE, M.C. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

Within Four Walls. By MAJOR M. C. C. HARRISON, D.S.O., M.C., and CAPTAIN H. A. CARTWRIGHT, M.C. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

Missing. By TALBOT BAINES BRUCE. (Blackwood. 5s.)

WHEN the treasure chest of war memories is re-sorted there will not be many willing to throw away the records of the prisoners of war. Nearly all their volumes have a certain dramatic quality which places them in a class apart. No description of battle, however vivid, can excite our interest quite so acutely as the story of escape from a hostile country, involving as it did so much in the way of ingenious preparation and followed step by step by danger and hardship and the hourly risk of an humiliating recapture. It says much for the courage and tenacity of those who made their escape that they mostly did so after repeated frustrated attempts. There is nothing more impressive in Captain Cartwright's simple description of his adventures than the patience with which he again and again amassed by ruse and bribery those articles of disguise necessary to a successful escape.

The motives which actuated these men are sometimes incompletely understood. Enough that they were anxious to free themselves from an intolerable bondage and to rid themselves of the stigma of capture in the field, a stigma felt by the stoutest heart and the freest conscience. There was yet a higher motive, which was that it was their clear duty to try and rejoin their own armed forces. This was plainly enough laid down in King's Regulations; it provided the resolution that enabled them to overcome incalculable difficulties. It enabled them to train themselves as master-forgers, master-locksmiths, masters of disguise, thieves of the highest cunning, and actors of the highest ability. Add to these accomplishments the preservation of physical fitness and steadiness of nerve (in itself a hard discipline in such circumstances), and it will be seen how laborious was the task they set themselves.

Of the books already published Major Harrison's and Captain Cartwright's gives the best idea of the dangers which beset them from within. If it was not so much the case later in the war, in the early days the Germans filled the prison camps with *agents provocateurs* who offered for sale to suspected officers anything from a bunch of keys to a pair of wire cutters. These spies had to be detected and avoided and at the same time the munitions of escape collected. It was useless to attempt flight without an outfit which at least included a civilian disguise, some portable food, maps, compasses, and in many cases money and forged passports. How this was done (sometimes after repeated confiscations) the reader of these books may learn for himself.

The actual escape from the prison camp was, however, the most serious consideration. Sometimes it was possible to scale the wire (Lord Phillimore did this and made a considerable journey in a country of bogs considered impassable by the Germans), often it was accomplished by some brilliant ruse (in the Harrison-Cartwright book there is a thrilling story of two "German" officers marching unchallenged through the gates with the hilts of wooden swords appearing out of their overcoats), but one of the favourite and on the whole safest methods was by tunnelling.

The construction of a tunnel was always a very lengthy and arduous affair. It involved ceaseless work under terrible conditions, it meant the disposal often of tons of earth under the very nose of the Germans in paper bags and the pockets of overcoats, to be thrown into latrines or scattered in the grounds, but it is Captain Cartwright, I believe, who says that on the whole the tunnel offered the best opportunity to most prisoners. Lord Phillimore made his final escape through a famous tunnel at Schweidnitz, only to spend the remainder of his captivity in Austria.

If all the preparation for escape, the flight itself, make highly exciting reading, so do the accounts of those days when, like hunted animals, these British officers made their way by night over the open country in an attempt to reach the frontier. Hunted, indeed, they were by men and dogs, and success was often wrested from them at the last ditch.

Of their attitude towards their captors it may be said

that considering the hardships they endured and the brutalities they witnessed they are singularly just and forbearing. They cannot rid themselves of the habit of calling their enemy the "Hun"—an impoliteness which the German Army always highly resented—nor do I see why they should. If the reciprocal discourtesies of war could not provide our enemies with any better abuse than *schweinhund* it is not our fault.

Mr. Talbot Baines Bruce tells an equally exciting story set in a different field. Mr. Bruce had the misfortune to be the victim of a forced descent in occupied Belgium. He escaped capture miraculously and lived for weeks hidden and disguised by patriotic natives. During that time he was a marked man, and so indeed were those who helped him, some of whom suffered severely for their self-sacrifice. He reached Holland through their help and agency, though an older hand in the science of escape would have told him that it was a highly dangerous and stupid thing to do to potter about frontiers with a loaded revolver.

Major Harrison and Captain Cartwright both reached England before the Armistice, Lord Phillimore was detained in Austria and repatriated through Trieste. He gives an excellent first-hand account of that seething corner of Europe in November, 1918.

J. B. S. B.

JAMES HUNEKER

Essays by James Huneker. Selected with an Introduction by H. L. MENCKEN. (Werner Laurie. 25s.)

CRITICAL writing, like any other form of literature, may be a vehicle of self-expression: a deliberate revelation or an involuntary confession of the personality of the writer, which stamps his work with his individual imprint, unostentatious perhaps, but perceptible and indelible. In extreme cases a writer may even be inarticulate except on paper, as witness Oliver Goldsmith, who "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." On the other hand, the business of writing may become, as with Samuel Johnson, a ritual so solemnly regarded as to transform a natural ease of utterance into a diction stiff with self-conscious effort.

James Huneker, the well-known American critic of music, the drama, and art, who died in 1921, appears on the showing of these essays and in the light of the biographical sketch by his friend Mr. Mencken, to have belonged in one sense to the company of Dr. Johnson. Huneker, we are told, was one who enjoyed life: food and drink, social intercourse and conversation; and was himself an unfaltering and a delightful gossip. But his *joie de vivre* and gusto only occasionally light up the printed page; and his style seems oppressed by the weight and the profuseness of the quotations which he is at pains to cite. The number and the variety of the authorities on whom he draws, or to whom he refers, bears out the modesty and the lack of self-confidence which Mr. Mencken attributes to Huneker; they testify also to the wide scope of his reading, further evidence of which is supplied by the catholicity of his subject-matter, which ranges from Chopin to Moussorgsky, from Watteau to Cézanne, and from Stendhal to Strindberg.

Such a diffusion of interests inevitably entailed some loss of substance, at times to the verge of superficiality. But Huneker was, it would seem, not unaware of his limitations. In music, for example, his chief concern was the piano; and we find that in the essay on Brahms, curiously mistitled "The Music of the Future," he confines his attention almost entirely to Brahms's works for the piano, which he examines with affection and insight.

Huneker's interest, however, was not so much in art as in the artist, in his life and in his work as moulded by his life. Consequently Huneker's studies are coloured by the biographical and personal aspect to a degree unusual in English criticism, and resembling, as Mr. Mencken points out, the manner of French criticism.

Where Huneker gave himself free rein, as in his essay on Shaw, he could be amusingly breezy and pungent. This essay, which shows Huneker in his happiest vein, is a brilliant and penetrating piece of criticism; though the concluding section, which deals with "Man and Superman,"

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reads like a hasty first estimate which would have gained from a reconsideration.

Huneker could be scathing, but he was also capable of generous appreciation. His enthusiasms, and his readiness to welcome originality and novelty, may have betrayed him

into an occasional false step; but they also led him to champion Strindberg, Nietzsche, and others when they were unrecognized and unconsidered. When Huneker's merits are appraised, let this service be set to his credit.

MARK SEGAL.

TRAVEL NOTES

WINTER SPORTS, WINTER CRUISES, AND A TRIP TO THE AMAZON

OUR English papers are already publishing attractive photographs of the Swiss mountains with their early covering of snow, reminding us that in a few weeks they will be ready to receive the fortunate devotees of winter sports. At the same time there comes to hand such a vast bundle of pamphlets and leaflets and circulars from Switzerland itself as would boggle a man's mind to attempt to read or to digest. Every resort big or small, famous or little known, lays its charms before us, and the Swiss conduct their propaganda as they do everything else concerned with their chief industry, with consummate skill. Mürren and St. Moritz enliven the cold details of their winter prices with coloured panoramas which are very alluring, and even a small resort such as Saanenm'o'ser finds it worth while to issue a pamphlet decorated with amusing wash drawings.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

So it may be said that the Swiss are quite capable of advertising themselves without any help from me, and really what is there new to be said about this always fascinating subject? There is only one problem for those who have never been, and that is to decide where to go, and in this they will be guided by their friends, who in their turn will have to decide whether to go to where they went before or this year go somewhere else. All resorts in turn have their advantages. Some are better for beginners, some more attractive to the expert, some to the young, and some to the middle-aged, and some to the hotchpotch family of varying tastes and abilities. So rather than attempt to summarize or comment upon the attractions of this place or that, I do strongly recommend that the intending visitor should write to the Swiss Federal Railways (118, Regent Street, S.W.1) for all the available information which they have, or if that seems too greedy a request to give them a selected list of places under consideration. I can at least assure my readers that when the gay result of this request reaches them their fireside will be one evening (as the Rigi First Hotel says of its ski-ing fields) "the scene of merry sport."

GRADUATED PRICES

One of the very best features of Swiss advertisement is that it is not afraid of telling you what you will be charged (or at least the very minimum you will be "done for"). It also recognizes that its visitors may be very rich (or very poor, but very snobbish) or middling well off or just downright lean in the pocket. Nearly every pamphlet contains a graduated list of hotels which frankly states their advantages or lack of them and what they charge for them. And the Swiss are a singularly truthful people. The whole success of their hotel system lies in this one fact. It would be amusing to compile such a list, as they readily give, for London—from the new palaces of Mayfair to the five and sixpenny bed and breakfast boarding-houses of Bloomsbury. But it will never be done—nor would ever be successful—because there would be little integrity about it.

There is an excellent general summary of the Swiss resorts published by the Swiss National Tourist Office which gives its details in the concentrated form of Baedeker's italicized chapter headings. Thus of Adelboden: Sporting facilities: 4 Artificial Ice rinks; 2 Ice Hockey rinks; 6 Curling rinks; 2 Toboggan runs; 3 Ski leaps. Trainers and Guides, 5. . . . Post Offices, 1. Doctors, 4. Chemists, 1."

This valuable little book should certainly be obtained by anyone who is hesitating as to the choice of a resort. Some have no doctor and only one chemist.

The whole adventure is infinitely pleasant to contemplate to those who have the opportunity, though even when their plans are cut and dried they will still have some anxious moments watching the snow reports.

NORTH AFRICAN TOURS

Those who have the means and leisure to escape the English winter have indeed many temptations placed before them. At this time of the year the French line (Cie Générale Transatlantique) offers them North Africa—Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, the Sahara, with the Company's hotels in every notable oasis and an opportunity to live in warmth (as well as sunshine) during the inclement five months before us. Here, again, the riches set out are so great that it is impossible to particularize them. It is not perhaps realized that Algiers may be reached from London in fifty hours. Once in French territory the French Company have motor tours arranged which last from three days to a month. And these motor tours are designed to suit the lonely traveller willing to take his place in the fourteen-seater coaches, the party of four, three, or two (or indeed a single party) travelling by *modèle de luxe* landaulet limousine (which sounds very wonderful), or for tourists using their own car. A list of place names may mean nothing or much, but to pick at random no less than two persons (for the sum of £34 each) may do something like this in eleven days—Tuesday, sail from Marseilles; Wednesday, arrive at Algiers, stay at Hotel d'Algiers; Thursday stay Algiers. Excursions in town, &c.; Friday, arrive Bu Saada Oasis, stay Hotel Transatlantique; Saturday, stay Bu Saada, visit Oasis, Mosques, &c.; Sunday, leave, visit M'Zab mountains, arrive Biskra, stay Hotel Transatlantique; Monday and Tuesday, stay Biskra, visit the Garden of Allah, and make excursions on camel, horse, or mule, &c.; Wednesday, leave Biskra; Thursday, arrive Algiers; Friday, Marseilles about 3 p.m.—which would leave any two persons time to get back to their desks on Monday morning. These French tours are most admirably conducted, and the prices quoted really inclusive. (Address, 20, Cockspur Street, W.1.)

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Hotel: Schwarzwald.

TODTMOOS (2,660 ft.)

Hotel: Schwarzwaldhaus.

TRIBERG (3,350 ft.)

Hotel: Schwarzwald.

FRANCE

ARCENTIERES (Chamonix Valley)

(4,000 ft.)

Hotel: Glacier and Terminus.

CHAMONIX-MT. BLANC (3,500 ft.)

Hotels: Allobroges, Beau-Site and Continental, Bellevue, Belvédère, Etrangers, Metropole-Victoria (meublé).

MEGEVE (3,600 ft.)

Hotels: Beau-Regard, Panorama.

MONT-ROC (near Chamonix)

Hotel: Bel-Alp.

ST. CERVAIS (2,800 ft.)

Hotels: Beau-Rivage, du Mont Blanc.

ST. PIERRE-DE-CHARTREUSE (3,000 ft.)

Hotel: du Grand Som.

ITALY

COLLE ISARCO (3,700 ft.)

Hotel-Pension: Gudrun.

CORTINA (4,000 ft.)

Hotels: Croce Bianca, GRAND BELLE-VUE, PARK FALORIA.

MERANO (Heights reached by car and cable railway.)

Hotels: Bellevue, Park, Spenid-Corso, Finstermunz.

CORTISEI, Val Gardena

SWITZERLAND

ADELBODEN (4,352 ft.)

Hotels: GRAND, Beau-Site,

Sport-Schoenegg.

Hotel-Pension: Alpenruhe.

AROSA (6,000 ft.)

Hotels: ALEXANDRA, Arosa

Kulm, EDEN, VALSANA-

SPORT.

Hotel-Pension: Bristol.

ARVEYES (4,013 ft.)

Hotels: CHALET ANGLAIS,

MONTESANO.

BALLAIGUES (2,800 ft.)

Hotels: GRAND, AUBE-

PINES.

Hotel-Pension: Sapinière.

CHAMPÉRY (3,452 ft.)

Hotels: Champéry, Park-

Victoria, Suisse.

Hotel-Pensions: Alpes, Beau-

Séjour, Berra, National.

CHAMPEX (Lake of) (4,500 ft.)

Hotels: GRAND DES

ALPES, BEAU-SITE and

GLACIER, du Grand Combin,

d'Orny, de Champex, Crettez,

Marty-Beau-Séjour.

Pension: Bellevue.

CHARMEY (3,000 ft.)

Hotel: des Sapins.

CHATEAU-D'OEX (3,300 ft.)

Hotels: Beau-Séjour, Ours,

PARK (Berthod), ROSAT.

Victoria.

Hotel-Pensions: Cheneau,

Morier, Prima-Flora, Riche-

mont.

CHESIERES (4,000 ft.)

Hotels: GRAND CHAMOS-

SAIRE, Belvédère.

CRANS-sur-Sierre (5,000 ft.)

Hotels: Carlton, Golf.

Hotel-Pension: Beau-Séjour.

DAVOS (5,150 ft.)

Leading

Health Resort.

Hotels: Davoserhof, Eden,

Frei, Kurhaus Merula, Meier-

hof, Regina, Sans-Souci.

ENGELBERG (3,350 ft.)

Hotels: Cattani's Gd., Kurhaus

and Titlis.

Hotel-Pension: National-Beau-

Site.

GRIMMIALP (4,134 ft.)

Hotel: Grand Kurhaus.

CRINDELWALD (3,468 ft.)

Hotels: BEAR, Belvédère, Cen-

tral-Wolter, Glacier, National,

Terminus, Wald-Bellary.

Hotel-Pension: Jungfrau.

CRYON (3,716 ft.)

Hotel: BEAU-SEJOUR.

Pension: Broyon.

GSTAAD (3,445 ft.)

Hotels: ROYAL and WINTER

PALACE, du Parc.

Hotel-Pension: Rössli.

GSTEIG (Chatelet) (4,000 ft.)

Hotel: Sanetsch.

GURNICEL-BAD (3,803 ft.)

Hotel: GRAND.

HOFLUH (3,442 ft.)

Hotels: Kurhaus Alpenruhe,

Schweizerhof.

JAUNPASS (Bruchberg)

Hotel: des Alpes (for skiers).

JUNGFRAUJOCH (11,400 ft.)

Hotel: BERGHAUS.

KANDERSTEG (3,835 ft.)

Hotels: PARK GEMMI and

WALDRAND, Adler, Dolden-

horn, Kreuz.

KLOSTERS (4,000 ft.)

Hotel: Weiss-Kreuz Belvédère.

LA FOULY (5,030 ft.)

Hotel: du Val Ferret (for

ski-ers).

LENK (3,511 ft.)

Hotel: Park-Bellevue.

LENZERHEIDE (4,856 ft.)

Hotel: SCHWEIZERHOF.

LES RASSES (3,881 ft.)

Hotel: THE GRAND HOTEL.

MONTANA-VERMALA (5,000 ft.)

Hotels: GRAND PARK, ST.

GEORGE.

Hotel-Pensions: Bellavista,

Regina.

Pensions: Les Asters, Monte-

Sano, Villa Beau-Site.

MÜRREN (5,368 ft.)

Hotels: GRAND and KUR-

HAUS, Regina-Beau Site,

Bellevue, Belmont, Eiger,

Sport-Edelweiss.

PONTRESINA (6,000 ft.)

Hotels: Rosatsch, Schweizer-

hof.

Other Swiss Resorts will be found on page 279.

Particulars of the above resorts and Hotels are given in the "XXth CENTURY HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS OF EUROPE" (illustrated), price 5/-, and, in abbreviated form, in the "TRAVELLER'S POCKET REFERENCE," price 1/-, or will be sent free of charge on application to the ANGLO-CONTINENTAL AND INTERNATIONAL OFFICES (EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT), 3, BOUL. DE GRANCY, LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND. A classified list of SCHOOLS and MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENTS on the Continent can be obtained free of charge from the above address.

A LITERARY POCKET-BOOK

The format in which official reports and surveys, whether made to the order of the Imperial Government or of County and Town Councils, now make their appearance is usually beyond reproach. Take the case of the handsome quarto before us, "The Future Development of South-West Lancashire" (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.). Here is the official report of the South-West Lancashire Joint Town Planning Advisory Committee, opening with a quotation from Robert Bridges' "The Testament of Beauty," and demonstrating in the text a complete awareness of its meaning. The report is an elaborate survey of an area nearly 300 square miles in extent round Liverpool, and of the possibilities of sound development which natural conditions and human requirements suggest, the requirements being commercial, residential, and æsthetic.

Romanticism, probably the most characteristic expression of the German spirit, is the theme of Dr. L. A. Willoughby's "The Romantic Movement in Germany" (Oxford University Press, 6s.), which contains a great deal of good criticism and information in a small compass. For the most part his attention is devoted to literature and the drama; music and the arts are considered, though briefly. A particularly interesting chapter sketches the relations of German romanticism with the movement in other countries. A narrower field is surveyed in "German Lyric Poetry," by Norman MacLeod (Hogarth Press, 3s. 6d.), which traces the development of the German lyric to the present day. The wealth of illustrative examples makes this book an excellent introduction to the subject; and as, next to each lyric, is printed a version by the author in English or Scots, the book can be read with almost equal advantage by anyone unfamiliar with German. The translations show taste and skill in conveying the feeling while preserving the rhythms of the originals.

The production of dainty limited editions of short stories embellished with the author's signature is evidently on the increase. Two of the latest from Messrs. Mathews & Marrot are "The Goldfish Under the Ice," by Christopher Morley (6s.), and "Peter Kills the Bear," by John Erskine (7s. 6d.). Mr. Morley's autograph is accompanied by a characteristically graceful little dog tale, of the sort we term "for children," but prefer to read ourselves. Mr. Erskine's story is more ambitious, if not quite satisfying. Its blend of fantasy, subtlety, and satire promises more than it actually performs. Two further booklets of a similar type, but without autographs, come from the De La More Press. "Gold Mohur Time: To Remember," is an Indian mystical play by Cornelia Sorabji (2s. 6d.); and "A Trilogy of Victorian Saints," by Isa J. Postgate (3s. 6d.), contains sketches, in the sentimentally reminiscent vein, of a grandmother and other private personalities.

BRIDGE

By CALIBAN.

BOOMERANG

WE were playing Auction at Gonzalo's the other night, and among a number of dull hands, one appeared—as so often is the case—which provoked a good deal of discussion and a certain amount of hilarity.

Miranda and Trinculo were playing against the Gonzalo family, and, at the score of love all in the rubber game, Mrs. Gonzalo dealt and bid One Heart. Trinculo, on her left—after a certain amount of hesitation—doubled. Gonzalo also showed marked hesitation; finally he passed. Miranda had evidently been thrust into a very uncomfortable situation. We do our best, of course, to control our facial expression; but it was evident this time that Miranda was up against a stiff proposition. After agonies of irresolution, she bid One Spade.

Mrs. Gonzalo now proceeded to Three Hearts, whereupon Trinculo went to Three Spades. Gonzalo doubled; Miranda passed; so did Mrs. Gonzalo; Trinculo, however, now bid Four Clubs. Gonzalo again doubled. Miranda, after announcing (quite unnecessarily) that she had not the least idea what to do next, went back to Four Spades; Mrs. Gonzalo passed; and Trinculo blandly bid Five Clubs. Gonzalo, casting at Trinculo a look of pitying condescension, doubled as before, whereupon Miranda, in the manner of

one prepared for martyrdom, bid Five Spades, and was left to play the hand at Five Spades doubled.

Here are the hands:—

♠ None	Trinculo	♠ K J 9 4
♥ K Q 10 8 4 2	Mrs. G. G.	♥ A J 6 5
♦ A J 9 6	Miranda	♦ K Q 7 5
♣ K 8 4		♣ 9
		♠ 8 7 6 5 2
		♥ 9 7 3
		♦ 10 8 4 3 2
		♣ None

The Play.

Mrs. Gonzalo opened with the King of Hearts, which Miranda trumped in Dummy. She then led out Dummy's Ace of Clubs, followed by the Queen; upon both these Clubs she discarded Hearts from her own hand. She was thus able, when Mrs. Gonzalo led a Heart at Trick 4, to trump it with one of her own Spades. If—as Miranda hoped—the Spades were favourably placed, she was now in a strong position. A successful finesse would enable her to draw Trumps, leaving her, at the worst, with a Spade trick to lose and the contract as good as made. She forgot, for the moment, that all the doubling had been done by Gonzalo.

The next lead brought rapid disillusionment. Miranda played the Five of Spades and Mrs. Gonzalo discarded a Diamond. The rest of the story need not be told in detail. Miranda did her best in a hopeless situation, but could make no more than seven tricks—four down on her contract. The Gonzalos thus secured 382 points, which, theoretically, was worth 119 points more than the Small Slam they could have made in Hearts.

I will not attempt to reproduce what was said in the post-mortem, as much of it was irrelevant, and some of it (on Miranda's part) was unparliamentary. Let us, however, analyze the bidding and see where Miranda and Trinculo went astray.

Trinculo's double of the original Hearts bid was, of course, a gigantic "spoofer." His proper call is Five Clubs—if the Hearts and Diamonds are massed against him he cannot well hope to shut them out on less. The fact that he would be two down if he played the hand in Five Clubs (for he has to lose three Spades and the King of Clubs), is quite irrelevant.

Trinculo, however, argued (and not without justification) that this is a hand on which the risks of a bluff bid, designed to provoke the adversaries into an unsuccessful double, may reasonably be incurred. If Miranda has either the King or Knave of Spades, or the King of Clubs, or three small Clubs, or one of the red Aces, Five Clubs is a virtual certainty. Trinculo's plan, therefore, is to suggest to the enemy that he has distributed strength, and even that Clubs is rather a *pis aller*. The risk involved in these tactics is, of course, that he has to deceive his partner as well as his opponent; and Miranda had, as it happens, precisely the holding which prevented his taking such a risk with impunity.

This was one piece of bad luck for Miranda; the second was that Gonzalo—instead of bidding Three Hearts or redoubling—was astute enough to pass. He argued (correctly) that Miranda could hold nothing, and that therefore her bid would inevitably be disconcerting for Trinculo. He had, of course, no idea how disconcerting it would ultimately prove.

In short, Trinculo's bluff got him and his partner into a mess. Miranda, having once bid her Spades, as she was bound to do after Trinculo's double, should never speak again; she has gone into action under Trinculo's colours absolutely defenceless, and now it is up to him to direct operations. At Four Clubs doubled he saves a certain game very cheaply. But his unfortunate second bluff—the support of Miranda's Spades—was his undoing. Miranda could not visualize Trinculo's holding, or the sort of game that he was playing, and, hypnotized by the Spades, could think of nothing but continuing to "rescue," in view of her shortage of Clubs. It was this appreciation—belated, though correct—of Miranda's psychology which alone prevented Trinculo from going back to Six Clubs. He thought, as he remarked during the post-mortem, that the hand had better be played in Five Spades than in Six.

Bluff bids are dangerous, though on a hand like Trinculo's they are often justifiable; but they should not be attempted with a partner whose morale goes easily to pieces.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

AMERICAN BANK FAILURES—WAR LOAN CONVERSION—TRUSTEE ACTS—LEEDS FIRECLAY

SINCE the Wall Street crash in the autumn of 1929 American bank failures have been quietly accumulating at the rate of about sixty-five a month. This may sound alarming to the sober Englishman carrying a cheque-book of one of the "big five" joint-stock banks whose doors, he is convinced, will never close except at the official hours and on the day of judgment. But customs are different in America. There are about twenty-eight thousand American banks, and the failures hitherto have been confined to small, country-town banks frozen up mainly by agricultural loans. In the last week, however, the failures have been more serious, and have had a bearing on the stock markets. The trouble began with the collapse of an important firm of investment bankers, Caldwell & Company, in Nashville, Tennessee, on November 13th. This started a run on the "chain" banks which Caldwell controlled or in which they were interested. The Bank of Tennessee, a subsidiary of Caldwell, immediately closed its doors, and within the next few days forty banks in Kentucky, Arkansas, Illinois, and Missouri followed suit. Three of these—the National Bank of Kentucky, the Louisville Trust Company, and the American Exchange Trust Company of Little Rock, were old-established and locally important. Under American law the State Superintendent of Banks takes control of the closed banks and cleans up the mess. This foreshadows a further "forced" liquidation of security loan. Forced liquidation has been the curse of the American stock markets in recent months.

A firm of Stock Exchange brokers has issued to its clients a long memorandum—its reasoning better than its English—on the conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan which they regard as "urgent and practicable" and a necessary prelude to a trade revival. They are very fearful of any change in fiscal policy. "Any suggestion of tariffs—even revenue tariffs"—they argue "would completely upset the gilt-edged market by the withdrawal of funds in anticipation of a sudden trade revival due to a tariff dose." Their advocacy of Free Trade is clearly realistic. Suggestions for the conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan I ventured to put forward in THE NATION of October 25th, but it may be of interest to record the scheme propounded by this firm of brokers—a 4 per cent. loan issued near par on which the interest is guaranteed for ten years, reduced to 3½ per cent. for a further twenty years, and finally fixed at 3½ per cent. as from 1961. This scheme derives its inspiration from the Goschen conversion operation of 1888, when 3 per cent. stock was converted into 2½ per cent. stock, the interest on which was guaranteed for fourteen years and then reduced to 2½ per cent. If there is to be a gold shortage by 1940 and a steady fall in the long-term rate of interest in the intervening period, the Chancellor of the Exchequer might well repeat the strategy of 1888. The difficulty to-day is the large amount of 5 per cent. War Loan which is held overseas on account of its tax-free interest privilege, but I think our brokers over-estimate these foreign holdings at £500 millions.

Will no Government ever have the courage to amend the Trustee Act, 1925, and the Colonial Stock Act, 1900? There can no longer be any pretence that these Acts are a means of protection for the capital of trust funds. The yields obtainable on the following trustee securities show that the Stock Exchange has no illusions about the trustee list:—

	Price	Flat Yield %	Redn. Yield %
New South Wales 5½% 1925-35	94	£6 5 0	£8 0 0
Queensland 5½% 1934-6	92	6 2 0	7 15 0
South Australia 6½% 1930-40	97	6 17 0	7 5 0
London Midland & Scottish 4% pref., 1923	60	6 15 0	—
London & North Eastern 4% 1st pref.	60	6 15 9	—
London & North Eastern 4% 2nd pref.	43	9 17 6	—

It does not appear to be realized that, apart from the unfortunate widows, orphans, and minors for whom trustees have purchased such speculative securities as I have given in this table, the Trustee Acts are bad for the borrowers who take full advantage of the privileged status which they acquire by virtue of the trustee rank. It cannot be denied that if Australian Government borrowing had not been stimulated by the Colonial Stock Act, 1900, Australia would not now be undergoing such a severe economic crisis. Whatever conditions obtained thirty years ago, when Joe Chamberlain secured the passage of the Colonial Stock Act, the Dominions have now reached years of economic maturity. If their finance is sound, they should be able to borrow on reasonable terms in London without legislative assistance, just as Canada is able to do in New York. If their finance is unsound, their stocks should not be available to trustees. There is no escape from this logic.

The inclusion within the trustee list of some of the home railway stocks is equally farcical. The four big groups receive trustee status while they pay 3 per cent. on their ordinary stocks, but by an Order of the Chancery Court the London and North Eastern has been allowed to retain it by paying some dividend, however small, on its deferred ordinary stock. So the London and North Eastern has been found to pay ½ per cent. on its deferred ordinary stock, although the earnings on that stock were nil. London Midland and Scottish, which has paid an interim dividend of 1 per cent. on its ordinary stock this year, will probably be forced to apply to the Court next January in company with the London and North Eastern for "Chancery" status. But what sensible investor would ever prescribe dividends, instead of earnings, as the test of trustee status? And what justification can be advanced for excluding from the trustee list the prior charges of gas, electricity supply, port and harbour authorities, and other public utility companies while including those of British and Indian railway companies? Or for admitting investment in mortgages on freehold property, but not investment in building societies? Or for excluding the prior charges of British insurance companies? The case for a revision of the Trustee Acts is overwhelming, and it is surprising that a Government which is concerned to see the national savings invested in ways productive of employment at home, should be content to leave the muddled law as it stands.

In the belief that the London stock markets are now largely immune from the evil influence of New York and are really "bumping along the bottom," I propose to begin recommending once again a few industrial stocks for investment. These will be chiefly fixed-interest securities, partly for the sake of "safety first," partly because, when trade revives, the debentures and preference shares of industrial companies usually rise concurrently with the ordinary shares for a considerable period. The 6 per cent. participating preference shares of the Leeds Fireclay Company seem cheap at 26s. 9d. For the past three years they have received 12½ per cent., participating with the ordinary shares *pari passu* after the ordinary have received 4 per cent. The Company produces fire-bricks, tiles, terra cotta, &c.—its home and export business, according to the Chairman, has not been greatly affected by the trade depression this year—it is manufacturing a household smokeless fuel, and it owns a deposit of diatomite earth (used for insulating materials) in Westmoreland. The market was greatly surprised that it should have been able to maintain its ordinary dividends at 10½ per cent. for the year to June 30th last. At 26s. 9d. the participating preference shares yield 9.6 per cent.

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